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MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, whose likeness we offer our readers from the only known photograph in existence, has thus far been the most prominent volunteer officer since the President's proclamation of April 15. His energy, activity, and perseverance in opening a way of communication with Washington, at a time when the capital seemed cut off by events at Baltimore, have been well known to the public, and have won from the Administration the highest encomiums.

Mr. Butler was born at Deerfield, Rockingham County, New Hampshire, in 1818, and is consequently forty-three years old. One of his ancestors was a Cilley—one of the truest Revolutionary stock in New England—and the subject of this biography was related to the lamented Jonathan Cilley, who was killed in the duel with Graves of Kentucky. Mr. Butler received his collegiate education at Waterville, Maine, where the Baptist denomination have a flourishing literary institution. He studied law, and took up his residence at Lowell, Massachusetts, where he soon distinguished himself as an advocate in the courts of Middlesex County. His reputation was soon extended to Boston, and he has long held a prominent position in the Massachusetts bar, whether in the courts of the State or of the General Government. As an advocate he is distinguished by the energy with which he devotes himself to his client, and by the strong, playful, and sometimes vehement language hurled against opposing counsel. Many anecdotes are told of him in Massachusetts illustrating what we have said. His forte is in the *trial* of cases. It is said that he has tried more jury cases for the last ten years than any other lawyer in the United States.

But aside from the law, he has on more than one occasion manifested coolness and intrepidity under trying circumstances. As an instance of this we may mention the memorable incident which took place in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1856. It was during the Presidential contest, and Hon. Rufus Choate had been invited to address the Conservative citizens. The largest hall of the city was crowded to excess. The audience was wild with enthusiasm, as the brilliant orator swayed them by his eloquence; but, in the midst of the applause, a jar was felt, a crash was heard, and every face save one turned pale as the cry went forth, "The floor is sinking!" The man whose cheek knew no pallor was General Butler. He sprang up and calmed the fears of the multitude by telling them that he did not apprehend the least danger; that the architect was present; but to allay any misgiving he would go with the architect and examine the building.—An immediate investigation showed that the edifice was in the greatest possible danger, and a sudden movement, a rush on the part of the assembly, would result in the slaughter of thousands. Forgetful of himself, he bravely pushed through the dense crowd. He did not shriek—he showed no marks of trepidation—but with a bland countenance whispered a few apparently pleasant and assuring words to Mr. Choate. Mr. Butler then turned to the audience, and, in a calm, clear voice, remarked: "My friends, there is no present danger; but as the house is overcrowded, it will be better to quietly adjourn to the open air; and I therefore invite you to the front of the Merrimack House." The whole thing was accomplished in a few moments. It was only by Mr. Butler's self-possession that the catastrophe was avoided. On this occasion he showed more cool courage than any battle will ever call into requisition. In the life of Mr. Choate we find what the words were that blandly fell, *sotto voce*, from Mr. Butler, viz., "Mr. Choate, I must clear this house, or we shall all be in h—l in five minutes!"

He has always been a prominent politician of the extreme wing of the Democracy, and has been in a number of political positions in his adopted State. He was member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives for the first time in 1853, was a member of the Constitutional Convention the same year, and was Senator for Middlesex in 1859-'60. In May, 1860, he was senatorial delegate to the Democratic Convention in Charleston, and afterward at Baltimore. He sided with the Breckinridge faction, and upon his return home was nominated by that portion the Democratic party candidate for Governor. He was one of the first to respond to the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for volunteers, and his subsequent services have made him, as a patriotic and as an energetic officer, dear to the loyal people of the United States.

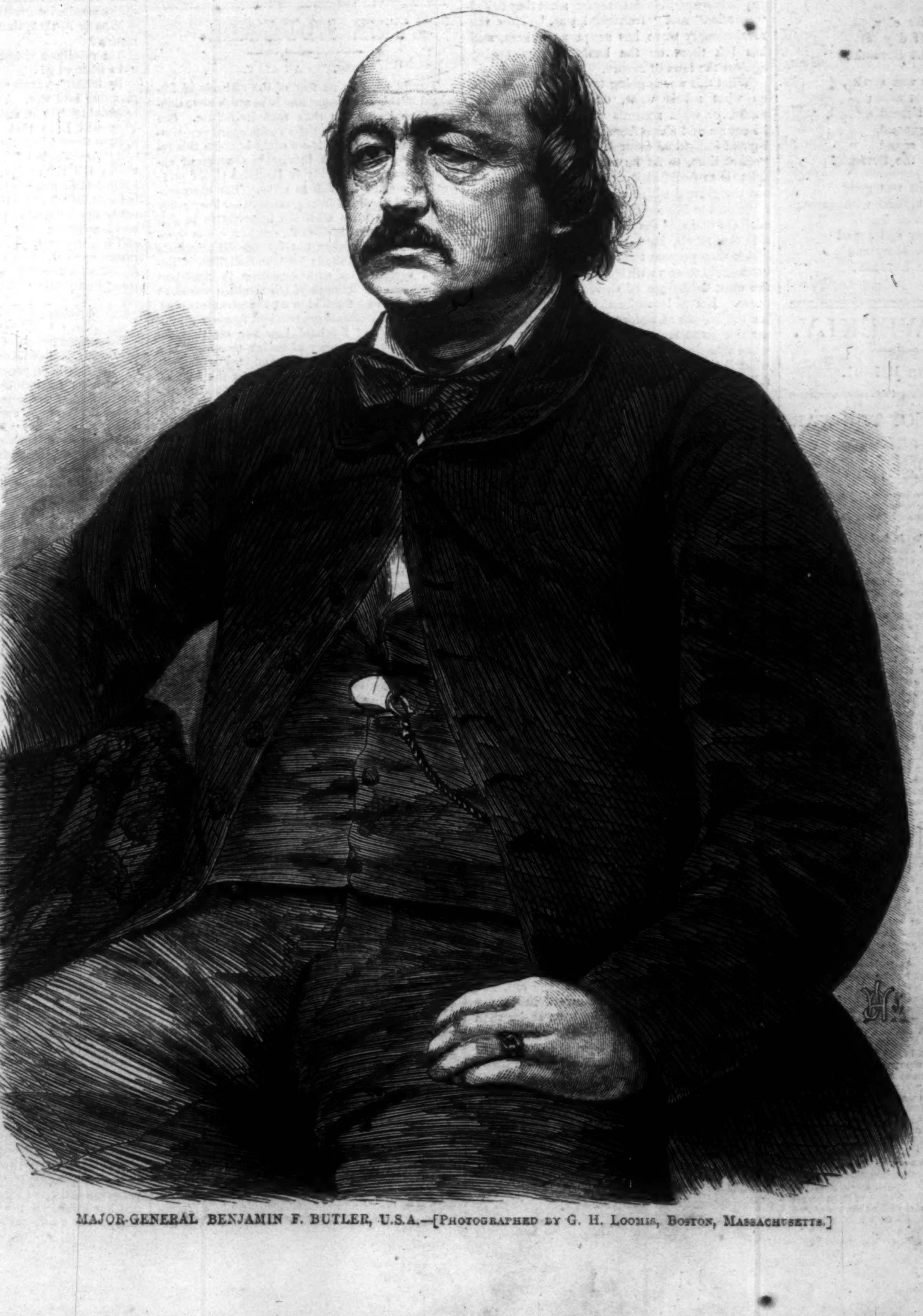
We have heard it stated that Mr. Butler was a single man; but this is a mistake, for a number of years ago he married a daughter of Dr. Hildreth, of Lowell, and has a family of children.

The correspondent of the *Herald*, under date of May 15, thus described the performance of General Butler in the war now begun:

"General Butler, with a single Massachusetts regiment, the Eighth, marched from his own State, through six other States, and into Maryland, embarked on board a steamer, and landed in what was then considered the enemy's country, and took possession of Annapolis and held it.

"The War Department, appreciating this bold movement, immediately created the new Department of Annapolis, which extended to within seven miles of the Federal capital, and also on the east included Baltimore city, and made Gen. Butler commander of the same. He proceeded to reconstruct locomotives, build bridges, and make railroads. He pushes on toward Baltimore, fortifies himself at the Relay House with the Sixth Massachusetts and Eighth New York regiments and Cook's Boston Battery, controlling the great channel of communication between the rebels at Harper's Ferry and those in Baltimore. He sends out his scouts, seizes the famous steam-gun and turns it upon the enemy; and, with the same Massachusetts regiment that the rebels of Baltimore stoned three weeks previous, accompanied by Cook's Boston Battery and the New York Eighth, he marches into Baltimore, fortifies himself upon the highest point of land overlooking the whole city, issues his proclamation giving protection to all loyalists, and announcing his ultimatum to all traitors, seizes arms, arrests traitors, and marches through the streets escorted by the single company of the gallant Massachusetts Sixth, which received the severest treatment from the mob three weeks before. He does all this before the Pennsylvania troops that were at Cockeyville, within 15 miles of Baltimore three weeks ago, reach the city or afford him any support. This is history; and truly Gen. Butler has made a brilliant campaign.

"The President, the Secretary of War, General Scott, all appreciate the man, and acknowledge the services which he and the officers and men under him have rendered, and this very day



MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, U.S.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. H. LOOMIS, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.]

the President has promoted Brigadier-General Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, to be henceforth a Major-General of the United States army. This is also history. All hail to Butler!"

General Butler, at the hour we write, has just left Washington for Fortress Monroe, where he is to command 15,000 men against Virginia.

THE MIDNIGHT MARCH.

All along the weary miles,
Down through the dark defiles,
Through the woods of pine and larch,
Under midnight's solemn arch,
Came the heavy, sounding march
Of the Seventh!

Scouts out on either flank,
Searching close through dyke and bank,
Sweeping with their restless eyes
Every hollow, cut, and rise,
Guarding from the foe's surprise
All the Seventh!

Every pine-tree's jagged limb
In the black night looked grim;
And each dense thicket's shade
Seemed to hold an ambuscade;
Yet no soldier was afraid
In the Seventh!

Plod! plod! plod! plod!
Over gravel, over sod,
Over up-torn railroad tracks,
With their bending, belted backs,
Waiting—hoping vain attacks,
Marched the Seventh!

"Halt! Rest!" along the line;
Down every man supine
In the wet gravel lay,
Hugging with delight the clay,
Longing for the light of day
On the Seventh!

Though the dark night was serene,
Never foeman's form was seen;
Though like flies they buzzed around,
Haunting every shady ground,
Fleeing at the slightest sound
From the Seventh!

So we marched till night was gone
And the heavens were blessed with dawn;
But History, with immortal hand,
Must yet record how firm and grand
Was that march through Maryland
Of the Seventh!

Camp Cameron, May 9, 1861.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 1, 1861.

THE CHARACTER OF THE WAR.

We have received the following letter from East Tennessee:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

East Tennessee, *May* 10, 1861.

Allow me a few observations, intended to contribute to set right the public mind upon the subject of the impending war.

First, A war must be waged. It is inevitable. The unity of the Government must be maintained at every hazard. Its dignity must be upheld. Men must be taught—the whole American people must learn—that it is a fearful thing to rebel against the Government—that the laws must absolutely be obeyed. They must learn that while each American citizen is a *sovereign*, he is also a *subject*. He is a sovereign to make laws, and his prerogatives are perfect; but he is a subject to obey those laws, and his subjection must be absolute. And it is strange men can not see that the moment they cease to be obedient subjects to their own laws, they cease also to be sovereigns. For what sort of sovereign is he whose laws are not respected? But still *above these considerations*, if it is possible to rise above them, the Government *must* wage this war to restore the lost liberties of its citizens within the States whose free Governments have been subverted by the revolutionists. The loyal men of the revolted States (so called) are entitled to the protection of their Government. I believe these loyal citizens constitute a majority of the people; but whether a majority or minority, it is the duty of their Government to protect them from unlawful usurpation and tyranny. A *necessity* rests upon the Government to wage this war—else it too will be subverted. This revolution is aggressive, insolent, and overbearing in the extreme. Its Secretary of War even proclaims the purpose to plant its banner of "the stars and bars" upon the dome of our national Capitol, and coolly threatens that it may yet float over the city of Boston. This was before the promulgation of Lincoln's first proclamation, on the day on which Fort Sumter fell. That revolutionary Government seeks, by means of privateers, to destroy the commerce of the nation upon the high seas; and in fact it has been at war with the Government almost from the day of Lincoln's election—seizing upon its forts, arsenals, vessels of war, its treasure, and its public property generally. With an insolent, pretensive talk of peace, it has been practicing open war for months continually.

Secondly, The Government must take the *aggressive* (so to speak); that is, it can not stand on the defensive, and permit the enactment on a grand national scale of the shameful farce of Fort Sumter—refraining from firing a gun while batteries are being erected around it for its own reduction. By this weak policy loyal citizens of the States which first "seceded" were left without protection and encouragement in their loyalty; and thus cut off and neglected, they gradually acquiesced in the existing state of things, and came to regard the usurpation as their Government, and their old Government as a foreign Power. And to wash away the stain of "Toryism," many Union men enlisted in the armies which were being raised to war upon the Government of their fathers. And without an active war of *protection* loyal citizens *must* yield in all the revolting States. They have no arms, and no standard to rally around. But,

Thirdly, This war is no war of the North against the South—no war of sections. It is a war of the *whole* Government against an insurrection and usurpation in certain States. It is a war not to "subjugate the South" or the Southern States, but to *liberate the citizens* of those States from the military subjugation under which they are placed by usurpation and intimidation. Its very nature forbids that it should be a war of rapine and confiscation. It is the war of the law for its own enforcement against revolution; and if those who wage such war shall themselves violate the law, they too have plunged into revolution, and the law is destroyed. We loyal men of the South warn you to beware how you let slip the hell-hounds of revolution—from the very depths of despair we warn you that you come not into this place of torment. Therefore,

Fourthly, Let it be distinctly proclaimed by the Government, and by all loyal public journalists, that the nature of the war is to be such as I have set forth above; that the South is not to be subjugated, but liberated—not the black but the white race; that the old order of things is to be restored as it was; that the *people* are to be protected from the unlawful violence of their usurping tyrants, and to suffer no unlawful violence at the hands of their deliverers. Let the commanders of the advancing armies every where proclaim these things to the people: that they are called upon to submit, not to Lincoln or the North, but to the laws they themselves have made—to the government established by their fathers and perpetuated by themselves. And it will be found, as these things begin to be understood by a misguided and intimidated people, they will rally in thousands to the standard of the Government, and assist in restoring order. They will not only acquiesce, but will actively assist in putting down the rebellion.

In this section of Tennessee a large majority of the people are still true to the Union, and many pant for the opportunity to take up arms against their oppressors. But they have no standard to rally around—no Government to throw its protecting shield over them. They have no arms, no sinews of war, no ammunition, no organization. In other parts of the State thousands have been misled by false representations, sustained by quotations from violent Northern papers, and are now in arms against their own liberties. We have been all betrayed by traitorous Governors (except Houston, of Texas), and by perjured and terrorized legislators, who, grasping the sword and purse, have put the people under a military despotism.

Respectfully, Knox.

These are brave and excellent words. We trust they do not come too late. There was a time when good Southern men might have stayed this rebellion and crushed secession, by proclaiming boldly and loudly that "the unity of the Government must be maintained at every hazard," that "the laws must absolutely be obeyed," and that "the Government must take the aggressive" against rebels. Unhappily, in those days, conservative Southerners were spending their strength in denouncing what they called "coercion" and "fratricidal war." Now the revolutionary wave has swept past them, and has left them on the bank, idly protesting against the laws of nature.

What this war is going to be does not depend on what rebels want, or what Government wants, or what neutrals want. It must take its course and shape from influences and events beyond individual control. To attempt, at the present time, to fix its metes, bounds, and results, is as futile as it would be to try to stake out the ground which would be overflowed if a levee on the Mississippi were suddenly destroyed. On one side the Government, on the other side the rebels, have their plan and policy by which they propose to abide. But the first red battle-field strewn with stark corpses will change the most deliberate of their preconceived purposes. Let us be rational beings, and remember the lessons of history. The worst of war is not that some brave soldiers are killed, but that when it begins no one can tell where it will end, what direction it may take, and who may not fall victims to it.

It was to the air of "God save the King" that the New York tea ship, in 1774, was sent to sea without breaking bulk, by a people unconsciously ripening for the war of Independence. But a few months before the execution of Louis XVI., M. Roland, the head of the revolutionists, addressed him in a famous letter: "You are deceived, Sire, when the nation is represented to you as hostile to the throne and to yourself. The people love the Revolution in you." Nay, without traveling so far back, where can we find a more cogent argument against secession than the speech delivered to the Georgia Legislature, in December last, by Alexander H. Stephens, now Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy? Has history been written in vain, that people fancy this revolution of ours is going to pursue a straight, even, smooth course, and to end under the same programme, and the same principles as it begins?

We most sincerely hope our correspondent is right when he speaks of the Union strength in the Southern States. But it must be confessed that the North has suffered many disappointments on this head. A month before Georgia seceded she was reported to be sound for the Union. Less than sixty days before Tennessee went out she was stated to have given over 20,000 votes majority against secession; now, Knoxville, the loyal city *par excellence*, feeds and houses secession troops on their way to Richmond. Virginia was relied on as safe till the very hour she seceded. When such men as John Bell, W. C. Rives, and Henry W. Hilliard are in the ranks of the enemy, on whom can the North place their trust? If the Union men at the South had made one single fight—if in some single county, town, village, or plantation, even a score of men, brave as Southerners are, had drawn trigger or unsheathed sword in defense of the old flag, it would have been easier than it is at present to have relied upon the co-operation of Southern Unionists in the suppression of this most lamentable rebellion.

Still, for all this, we are convinced—and we rejoice in the conviction—that the Government commences its work with the intention of protecting property of all kinds, and of liberating from a military despotism those Union-loving citizens of the South who have been so easily overpowered by the rebels. To what extent, or in what way, events may modify this policy, our correspondent is as well able to speculate as we are.

A CARD FROM MR. RUSSELL.

Mr. W. H. Russell, Correspondent of the London *Times*, publishes the following card in the Mobile *Register:*

Mobile, *May* 13, 1861.

To the Editor of the Mobile Register:

Sir,—My attention has been called to a statement in *Harper's Weekly*, couched in the following words:

"The proprietors have dispatched an artist to the South in company with Mr. Russell, correspondent of the London *Times*."

In reference to that statement, I have to observe that my companions are two, viz.: Mr. Ward, a personal friend, who is kind enough to act as my secretary and traveling comrade, and who has no connection whatever with any journal in the United or Confederate States, and Mr. Davis, a young artist, who is taking sketches for the *Illustrated London News*, and who assures me that he is not engaged by or connected with *Harper's Weekly*, although he formerly sent sketches to that periodical.

My position is that of a neutral, and I am employed on a mission that requires the utmost impartiality on my part, although I shall claim for myself the utmost freedom in the expression of my convictions and of my observations to the journal which I have the honor to serve. The expression of these convictions and observations, however, is meant only for England, and I shall not permit the position I occupy to be abused under any circumstances whatever by those who accompany me, although I have every reason to believe that their good faith would render such a guarantee or assurance on my part unnecessary.

I have only to say in addition that by this post I have forwarded to the paper in question a request that they insert my formal denial of the statement which has occasioned this communication. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your faithful servant,
W. H. Russell, LL.D.,
Barrister at Law.

We have not received the "formal denial" to which Mr. Russell alludes. But we owe it to ourselves to say that the Mr. Davis he mentions is the special artist of *Harper's Weekly*, is traveling at our cost, and is not to our knowledge drawing for the *Illustrated London News*. We are sorry to add that we are informed Mr. Russell was aware of these facts before he wrote the above letter.

THE LOUNGER.

ENGLAND AN ALLY.

There need be no fear of the attitude of England in this rebellion. She is in much more danger from its success than from its failure. She wants cotton much, but she wants sound constitutional liberty more. If we could imagine this rebellion successful, the inevitable consequent encroachment upon liberty in England would presently force the English to arms. The encroachment would proceed from precisely that Tory party which sympathizes with the insurrection in this country—not that it cares for one part of the country more than another, but because all aristocracies are at heart united; because feudalism in England sympathizes with feudalism in America; and because the triumph of the rebellion would be a desperate and fatal blow at the great cause of popular constitutional government forever.

The people of England, however, see that the only conservative policy of their government is a popularly progressive policy, and they will insist upon that. They can not afford, for the sake of any particular commercial or manufacturing advantage, to risk the demoralization that would follow a recognition of so wanton and causeless a rebellion as ours. They see that if the Slave States should throw off the national government, the cotton crop would be at the mercy of a servile race, without any force adequate to its control. That race would be permanently inflamed by the rebellion, and by the neighborhood of the Canada line, suddenly brought southward. Any year the cotton crop might be destroyed, and England would have lost both her cotton and the moral support of her sympathy with a free popular system. English statesmen might well wonder whether, in the present situation of European affairs, their country could sustain a stroke so deadly.

Nor must the inspiration of a great national principle be forgotten. Great Britain has pronounced for individual liberty. Whoever touches her soil, if not branded with crime, raises his head to heaven as free as the Queen. A ministry which should propose to Parliament to recognize a rebellion which aimed to overthrow so beneficent a government as ours for the purpose of extending and strengthening human slavery, would raise a storm in England that would hurl them from power and hiss them to eternal infamy.

Let us have no fear of England. She has been always the ally of Christian civilization, and her soil the battle-field of constitutional liberty. What Madison said of the United States may be said of England and of the universal Saxon race, "Their cause is the cause of human nature."

A NATIONAL HYMN.

National hymns are not made to order. They spring from the sudden inspiration of great emotions. But there can be no harm in asking every body who is now singing in obedience to those emotions to send their songs to a committee and be paid for their trouble if the song chances to suit. The committee, probably, know about writing hymns to order, as well as any other gentlemen. They do not assume that they will receive the hymn that shall be adopted by the nation, and therefore they reserve the right of rejecting every thing, if nothing seems to be quite excellent enough.

The *Tribune* makes two objections to the invitation of the committee. One, that a national hymn must be a war song, while the committee do not ask for a war song. The reply to this is that the committee evidently mean that they don't want a mere slogan. But they intend, of course, a hymn which may be sung whether in peace or war by every loyal citizen. "God save the King" is not a war song in any exclusive sense, although it calls upon the Lord to scatter the King's enemies. It may with equal fitness be sung either going into Waterloo or at a coronation. It is of the essence of a national hymn that it shall express fidelity to the flag at every cost. But it is to be a song for peace and war, not for a special campaign nor a single battle. Fidelity to the flag at every cost is necessarily, to use the objector's phrase, "battle to the innermost fibre."

The other objection of the *Tribune* is that the word in the call "patriotic" is not definite. "Two-thirds of the country," it says, "will spit at any national hymn which raises its lyrical orisons to the God of the oppressed and broken-hearted in bonds." What then? The same people spit now at the Declaration of Independence. Is it any the less our great National manifest to the world? What is a patriotic hymn? It is a hymn which recites, in inspired and majestic rhythm, the patriotic idea—the idea of the *Patria*, the country. And what is the American idea? Popular liberty—the liberty of the people. No American hymn can be, in any just sense, patriotic, which does not express that sentiment. The *Tribune* calls the Star-Spangled Banner "splendid." So it is, in idea. But what makes splendor? Certainly it is not its jaw-breaking lines. It is the chorus which expresses the aspiration of every loyal American heart.

"The Star-Spangled Banner—O! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Any truly patriotic national hymn is, of necessity, the great peace song and the great war song of the nation. It fits every emotion of the national heart. It is the national heart-beat set to music. Don't be afraid, *Tribune*. The heart of America beats with the love of liberty. Its national hymn must needs be the love song of liberty. The Continental Congress, in resigning its functions, dedicated this nation to "liberty" and "the rights of human nature:" and the people of the country cry Amen!

SITTING ON GUNPOWDER.

There is great and natural horror expressed by many of the treasonable papers of those who would excite servile insurrections.

Who is it, then, that is exciting servile insurrection?

The rebellious citizens of the United States.

In what way?

By taking up arms against the Government, and plunging into war. The slaves can not be kept ignorant of the war, and they will ask the occasion. They will learn that their masters are fighting against those whom they untruly and persistently call "Abolitionists." Is it not evident, then, that unless the slaves love slavery, they will fight against their masters in any way they can? And is he an inciter of servile insurrection who points out to the masters so palpable a fact? If a man sees a neighbor sitting upon a barrel of gunpowder and intently trying to strike a light by scraping a match upon the side of the barrel, is he such a diabolical fellow if he warns his neighbor that he runs great risk of blowing himself up?

ET TU!

There were some of us who did not expect ever to hear Mr. Edward Everett mentioned with hatred by the Southern papers. But Mr. Everett, like every other patriotic American, stands under the sacred flag of his country, and welcomes battle rather than anarchy and dishonor. And the rebels do not spare him. "*You!*" they shriek. "*You*, who have eaten such quantities of Southern dinner! *You*, who have basked in the sunshine of such a host of Southern eyes of the softer sex—do *you* stand by the flag and the honor of your country? Smooth arch-hypocrisy, thy name is Edward Everett!"

It is the ludicrous old story. The dinner argument is strong if you are hungry, but not otherwise. Southern dinners which have in times past been eaten by gentlemen from the North are not better, it is generally thought, than Northern dinners which have regaled the Southern palate. And if it be good logic that Mr. Everett must be a traitor to his country because he has eaten the dinners of men at the South who are now traitors, then Mr. Jefferson Davis should be the most loyal of citizens by reason of the excellent dinners he ate when he passed the summer in faithful Maine. There are probably degrees in this matter. If a Northern man has merely lunched or taken pot-luck, he is perhaps expected only to hold his tongue and not profess loyalty to his country. But if he has been the victim of a full-dress dinner, he must declare himself a full-blown traitor.

From the incessant twaddle in treasonable papers about the enormity of any man who has enjoyed "Southern hospitality" venturing to have his own opinions, it might be inferred that there had never been any "Northern hospitality;" and that when a loyal citizen has been invited to dine in the sunny clime of treason, it was expected that he would eat his own manhood, conscience, patriotism, and common sense.

CASUS BELLI.

If a Senator of the United States had said in his place, two years ago, that there seemed to be some lamentable misunderstanding, even involving civil war, between the Sepoys of India and the rest of the British empire, he would have shown precisely the kind and extent of intelligence which Lord Malmesbury exhibited in the English House of Peers when he alluded to the rebellion in this country.

And if the United States Government had gravely deliberated whether it would or would not treat the Sepoys as belligerents, it would have done what the rebels in this country supposed the British Government would do.

There is no such flagrant cause of war between two Powers conceivable, as the recognition by one of a rebellious party among the citizens of the other as an independent state. When that rebellious party has maintained itself for a reasonable period, and has exhibited the capacity of fulfilling the functions of a national power, it will, of course, be a simple consideration of consequences for other nations to determine whether they will acknowledge the new Government. But if any nation does so before the acknowledgment of the Government from which the new one is trying to separate, it undertakes a war with that Government. If the steamer which arrives on Saturday should bring the news that England had recognized the rebellion in this country, the steamer which leaves on Wednesday would carry instructions to Mr. Adams instantly to withdraw from the English Court; and Great Britain would have to try her hand at thrashing us again.

"OUR OWN."

"W. H. Russell, LL.D., Barrister at Law," writes a letter to the Mobile *Register*, in which he says that he shall claim for himself "the utmost freedom in the expression of my convictions and of my observations in the journal which I have the honor to serve." Mr. Russell may claim what he chooses. But if his "convictions and observations" should lead him to the conclusion that a rebellion so wanton and wicked as this was never known, he should take good care that his amiable friends the rebels do not hear of it while he is still among them. Nothing but the imposing fact of an English fleet, and its unquestionable willingness to defend him as an English subject, would save him from the fate provided for all who do not treat a rebellion for the meanest of purposes as if it were a revolution for the highest.

A GENTLEMAN OF ENTIRE RELIABILITY.

It is to be hoped that the gentleman of entire reliability, who arrives every day from Virginia in Washington, will soon remain permanently in the capital, or make up his mind definitely as to the exact number of Southern troops he has seen or heard of.

On Monday this entirely reliable gentleman arrives, having traveled through the whole length of Virginia, and reports fifty thousand men assembled at various points, and General Beauregard at Richmond. On Tuesday this indefatigable traveler, who is perfectly reliable, has heard of the concentration of immense bodies of men at Culpepper Court House, and he has authentic intelligence that Gen. Beauregard is in Montgomery. On Wednesday the gentleman of entire reliability comes in at full speed, and perfectly fresh from Virginia, and has seen vast numbers of troops moving about, and has heard of the assembling of many thousands at Harper's Ferry. On Thursday the inevitable gentleman of the highest character and credibility—in short, an entirely reliable person—estimates that there are about six thousand troops at Richmond, and two or three Southwestern and as many Southern regiments, very hungry and furious somewhere in the State. And on Friday this invaluable gentleman arrives by the latest conveyance, and imparts the most reliable information that there is an army of a hundred thousand men perfectly appointed marching rapidly upon Washington.

Now we submit that the gentleman of entire reliability, who has just arrived from Virginia, has fairly done his duty for the present campaign.

There is one moral to be drawn from his entirely reliable but utterly conflicting reports, and that is, that the enemy manage their movements with masterly secrecy, and that there is a large number of them in motion. Meanwhile, it is consoling to reflect that the Commander-in-chief of the American army probably knows quite as much of the enemy's force and operations as the gentleman of entire reliability who communicates his startling intelligence to our amiable fellow-men, whose function in life it is to furnish us every morning with the most exciting dispatches.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Fatal Mistake.—Fool-hardy buffoons sometimes attempt too much. They risk their necks as extraordinary acrobats, and turn out to be mere tumblers.

SCENE—A QUIET STREET. TIME, 9 P.M.

M'Philimsey (*who has just succeeded in collecting his thoughts for an hour or two's quiet work*). "Oh, dear, dear, there's that dreadfully powerful Volunteer Band coming by again! Do oblige me, Maria, by keeping that child quiet!"

VOICES OF OUR NIGHTS.

SUBMITTED TO THE AMERICAN POET, BY MR. WRONG-FELLOW.

I heard the feline footsteps in the night
  Pad through the court and hall!
I saw the sable wretch in the moon's light
  Climb Mrs. Coxe's wall!

I felt her (that I did!—I'm sure I'm right!)
  Step o'er me just above;
With shrill pathetic mewings through the night,
  As of a cat in love.

I heard the sounds of passion and of fight,
  The caterwauling chimes,
That fill each attic chamber in the night,
  Where some starved poet rhymes.

My night-capped head in the cool midnight air
  Sought vainly some repose;
The echo of perpetual squalls rose there—
  From the new cistern rose.

Peace! peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
  Descend, you green-eyed fright!
I hate, while thus you screech, and spit, and swear,
  The cat-infested night!

NOT SO FAR OUT, AFTER ALL.

Asked lately a young lady, "Pray, dear *Mr. Punch*, as people say that you know every thing, can you tell me why the modern waltz is called the *deuxtemps*?"

Replied the gentleman, "Well, really, I scarce know if I can say; unless it is that, as a rule, the music plays in one time and the men dance in another."

The Wiscount's Last.—When the Wiscount heard the gratifying intelligence that no person had been killed or wounded at the destruction of Fort Sumter, he exclaimed, with a tremendous giggle, "Why, it was quite a *piano-forte* affair!" What on earth this means nobody knows.

SCENE IN BROADWAY ON SUNDAY MORNING.

Sunday-School Teacher. "Oh, Johnny, I'm shocked to see you playing with your top. You should leave your toys at home on a Sunday!"

Johnny (*quick, but impudent*). "Then why do you come out with your hoop?"

THE GREATEST COQUETTE IN THE NATION.

Of all the coquettes that are found in our nation,
There is none that more cheats us than AN-ticipation;
She coaxes and flatters with prospects of gain;
Then blasting our prospects, she fills us with pain;
She wheedles all sexes, conditions, and ages,
The grave and the gay, and the politic sages;
The young and the old, the rich and the poor,
All live on her smiles till she turns them out-door.

In a recent trial in London George Cooper, the superintendent of a fire station in Tooley Street, was asked by Mr. James, "How long was it before the engines began to play?"

Witness. "I should say we were at work, Sir, within five minutes of being called. We don't call it play." [A laugh.]

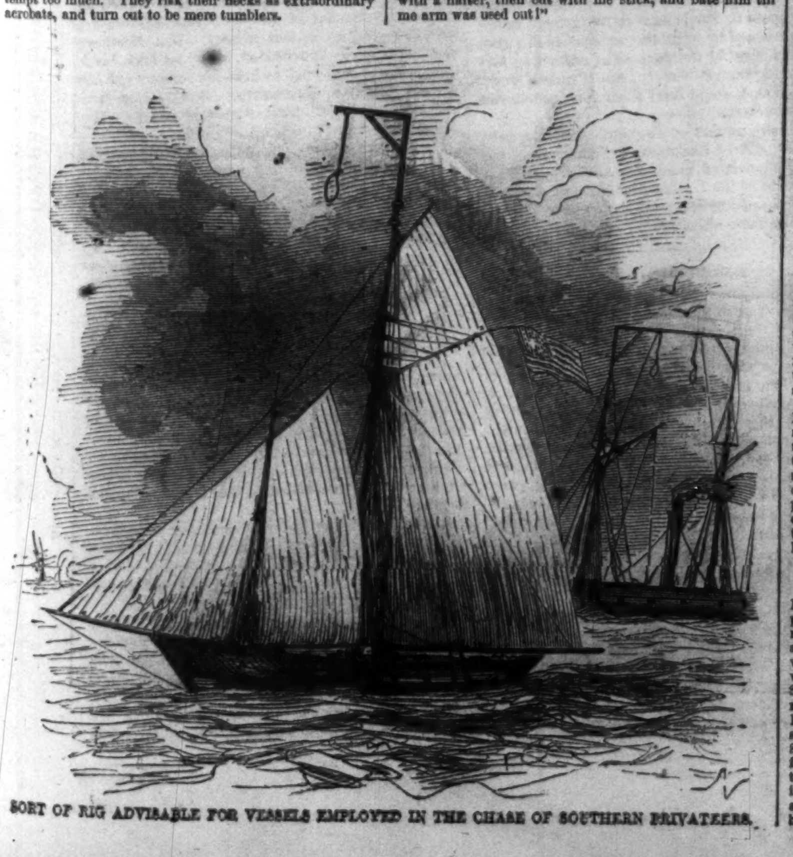
Mr. Baron Bramwell. "I thought the playing of an engine was an expression well understood."

Mr. E. James. "I thought so, too. I thought the engines played while the fire was at work." [Laughter.]

Table Tactics.—Old Francis was a wag; and once, when early pease were on the table, he emptied the contents of his snuff-box over them. "Francis, Francis!" they exclaimed, "what are you about?"—"I like them that way," was the answer. He, of course, had the dish to himself, and when he had concluded, exclaimed, "You thought it was snuff, did you? Nothing but black pepper!

The more checks a spendthrift receives, the faster he goes on.

"Bating" the Horse.—A gentleman traveling in a one-horse trap chanced to stop at a small roadside inn, which rejoiced in the possession of a very intelligent Irish hostler. Handing the reins to this worthy as he alighted, the traveler requested the man to "take his horse to the stable and bait him."—"Sure an I will, your honor," answered the Milesian, briskly, and away he went. In about half an hour the gentleman, having refreshed himself sufficiently, naturally concluded that his four-footed servant was in equally good care, and accordingly ordered his trap to the door. The horse was panting and trembling. "What's the matter with my horse?" asked the traveler. "What have you been doing to him?"—"Only what yer honor ordered me."—"He don't look as if he had had any thing to eat."—"Is it ait your honor said?"—"To be sure."—"Sorra the word like it did yer honor say to me. More betoken your honor tould me to bate the beast, and not to ait him!"—"Why, you stupid rascal, what have you been doing?"—"Och, I just tied him up to the stable with a halter, then out with me stick, and bate him till me arm was used out!"



SORT OF RIG ADVISABLE FOR VESSELS EMPLOYED IN THE CHASE OF SOUTHERN PRIVATEERS.

Railroad Waggery.—Waggs went to the station of one of our railroads the other evening, and finding the best carriage full, said, in a loud tone, "Why, this carriage isn't going!" Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Waggs took the best seat. The train soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation, the wag was questioned.—"You said this carriage wasn't going?"—"Well, it wasn't then," replied Waggs; "but it is now."

A captain of a rifle company was guilty of an unheard-of barbarity on one very cold day recently. He actually marched his men to the very brink of the canal, and then coolly commanded them to "fall in."

A cooper, finding considerable difficulty in keeping one of the heads of a cask he was finishing in its place, put his son inside to hold the head up. After completing the work much to his satisfaction, he was astonished to find his boy inside the cask, and without a possibility of getting out, except through the bung-hole.

A reporter of experience gives the following instructions for making one's way in a crowd: "Elevate your elbow high, and bring it down with great force upon the digestive apparatus of your neighbor. He will double up and yell, causing the gentleman in front of you to turn half way round to see what is the matter. Punch him in the same way, step on his foot, pass him, and continue the application until you have reached the desired point. It never fails."

"Job printing!—Job printing!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! they've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I larnt to read; and if he wasn't the patientest man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long, no how."

"Colonel W. is a fine-looking man, ain't he?" said a friend of ours, the other day. "Yes," replied another; "I was taken for him once." "You! why, you're as ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that; I was taken for him: I indorsed his note, and was taken for him—by the sheriff."

The loveliest faces are to be seen by moonlight, when one sees half with the eye and half with the fancy.

An Irishman, just from the sod, was eating some old cheese, when he found to his dismay that it contained living inhabitants. "Be jabers," said he, "does your chase in this country have childer?"

A cat caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said—"No gentleman eats till he washes his face." The cat, struck with this remark, set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away. This vexed puss extremely, and he said—"As long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterward"—which all cats do even to this day.

Strict Interpretation.—"John, I am going to church, and if it should rain, I wish you to come with the umbrella for me; however, you need not come unless it should 'rain downright.'" The gentleman went. It did rain, but John had gone to the other end of the town to see Mary. His master came back with drenched garments and a look of implacable anger. "John, John," said he, "why didn't you bring the umbrella?"—"Because, Sir," replied John, "it rained *slanting!*"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FIRST FIGHT AT NORFOLK.

The first fight in that quarter came off on Saturday afternoon, between two United States vessels and the rebel battery at Sewall's Point, in Hampton Roads, six miles from Old Point Comfort. The battery is still unfinished, and is the eighth and last of the works now in the hands of the rebels, which defend the approaches to Norfolk, and is regarded as a very important work of offense against the blockade of James River, where there are now lying twenty prizes laden with tobacco. The United States steamer *Star* (formerly the *Monticello*), commenced cannonading the fort at noon on Saturday with shell from the ten-inch mortars, which seemed to have good effect. The flotilla from New York, commanded by Captain Ward, arrived during the action, and the steamer *Freeborn* immediately joined in, opening a heavy fire with her 32-pounders, driving out the rebels, who were commanded by a mounted officer. She then hauled off, and proceeded to Washington with dispatches by orders of Commodore Stringham.

CAPTURE OF LIGHT-SHIPS.

The brilliant and successful feat by detachments of the Eighth and Thirteenth regiments, now at the seat of war, in their expedition to the Yeomico River, and the recovery of the light-ships stolen by the revolutionists from the Chesapeake Bay, has been warmly applauded. The Yeomico is a small river which rises in Sussex County, Delaware, and flows southwestward through Somerset County, Maryland, and empties into Flushing Bay, an arm of the Chesapeake.

PRIZES OF WAR.

Three prizes have been brought into Philadelphia by the steam-tug *Yankee*. They were all schooners, laden with tobacco. Other prizes are said to be coming to New York.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT HARPER'S FERRY.

Two thousand troops from Mississippi arrived at Harper's Ferry on Sunday, described as a "hard"-looking set—poorly clad and dirty. Two regiments had arrived from Alabama on the day previous, to whom the same description would apply. To make the situation of the rebels there still more agreeable, the small-pox has broken out among them. A company of cavalry had left the Ferry and proceeded to Martinsburgh, with the intention of keeping watch over the Union men there, and preventing their voting at the election which takes place on the 23d.

FURTHER SEIZURES AT ST. LOUIS.

Further seizures were made last week at St. Louis, of two pieces of cannon, several hundred muskets and rifles, a number of pistols, and a quantity of ammunition. The State tobacco warehouse has also been visited by the United States authorities, and a considerable quantity of arms and munitions were found there. St. Louis is now environed by a line of military posts, extending from the river above to the river below—the object being to prevent the entry of any secession troops into the city, and to assure the public peace.

A detachment of Union volunteers was sent to Potosi, Missouri, from St. Louis, on Tuesday night, under the command of Captain Cole, who placed sentinels entirely round the town, and in the morning captured the entire population. Those among them who were known to be Union men were of course immediately released, and about fifty of the secessionists were subsequently set at liberty on parole—their leaders being marched to St. Louis as prisoners of war and confined in the arsenal. A lead manufactory was also taken possession of at Potosi, and about four hundred pigs of lead were seized.

A PROCLAMATION FROM GENERAL HARNEY.

General Harney has issued an address to the people of Missouri, in which he denounces the military bill recently passed by the Legislature of that State as an indirect ordinance of secession, and manifestly unconstitutional. He alludes to the affair at Camp Jackson, and states that it was notorious that troops in the secession interest, openly wearing the dress and badges of the Army of the so-called Southern Confederacy, were received there, and that the main avenues in the camp were named after Davis and Beauregard. He closes with the announcement that he shall consider it his duty to enforce the laws of the United States under all circumstances. There is but little doubt, from the nature of the seizures made at Camp Jackson, that an effort was soon to be made to precipitate the State into secession. Large quantities of cannon, small-arms, and munitions of war were accumulated, which could have been intended for no other purpose.

CHARLESTON BLOCKADED.

The port of Charleston is now under blockade, and no inward-bound vessels are allowed to pass the barriers of steam and iron which the Government have erected at the mouth of the harbor. We find in the Charleston papers of the 13th and 14th accounts of the operations of the steam-frigate *Niagara*, the first of the blockading fleet which had arrived there. On the 12th the British bark *Hilga* was refused entrance, and the British ships *Monmouth* and *Gen. Parkville* were also ordered off. Another British ship, the *A and A*, was pursued, but she managed to get into shoal water, where the *Niagara* could not follow her, and the latter, under the supposition that she was aground, left the chase, and a steam-tug from the city subsequently towed her up. The *Susan G. Owens*, and other outward-bound vessels were allowed to pass freely, and will be until the fifteen days allowed by the terms of the blockade have expired.

The *Niagara* is since reported to have left Charleston for parts unknown.

A CALCIUM LIGHT FOR FORT MONROE.

Information has been received that Professor Grant is about to leave this city in the steamer *Coatzacoalcos* for Fortress Monroe, for the purpose of placing one of his largest calcium lights upon that work. The reflector of the lamp will have a diameter of three feet.

ANOTHER SOUTHERN OUTRAGE.

A telegram from Boston announces the arrival there, on board the steam gun-boat *Pembroke*, from Fortress Monroe, of Captain Charles Gale, of the bark *D. C. Price*, belonging in Cleveland, Ohio, and Captain Johnson, of the bark *Ida*, belonging in Boston. The former reports that his vessel was sunk by the rebels at Norfolk on the 5th inst., and besides losing his vessel, her cargo, and $3000 in specie, in all valued at $75,000, he was thrown into prison and kept there several days. He finally made his escape with nine other persons, including his daughter, in a small boat, and reached the steam-frigate *Minnesota*. Captain Johnson reports that his bark, the *Ida*, was wrecked near Cape Henry, and that, having saved the cargo and rigging and shipped it to Norfolk, he was then robbed of every thing he possessed and imprisoned several days.

MORE MONEY WANTED AT MONTGOMERY.

Among the bills passed by the Confederates at Montgomery, on Friday, was one authorizing the issue of $50,000,000 in bonds, payable in twenty years, at an interest not exceeding eight per cent. per annum. In lieu of $20,000,000 of this loan, however, the bill authorizes the issue of Treasury notes for that amount, of small denominations, to bear no interest.

RICHMOND TO BE THE REBEL CAPITAL.

The Montgomery *Advertiser*, which is recognized as the "organ" of Jeff Davis's Government, announces that the Confederates have decided to remove their Capital to Richmond. It does not intimate, however, when the removal is to take place.

TWO GREAT CAMPS.

The Government has decided to establish two large camps on the French system, partly for instruction and for the purposes of a reserve force. The camps will consist of from fifteen to twenty thousand men each. One will be formed at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, near the Maryland border, and the other in the vicinity of New York, most probably at Staten Island. The troops at Gettysburg are designed for action on the Southern border when necessary, and those at Staten Island will be required for coast service, to be used at any moment and at any point the Government may direct. For this purpose orders have been issued for a fleet of transports to be kept in readiness in the harbor.

AID AND COMFORT.

An important letter from Secretary Seward to J. G. Heineken has been published. It was written in answer to a letter from Mr. Heineken, asking for Mr. Seward's reasons in writing for considering an acceptance of Governor Letcher's proposition to buy the steamships *Yorktown* and *Jamestown*, recently seized by his order, as an act of treason. The Secretary holds that the receipt of money for the steamships, after they have been seized, would be to convert the unlawful seizure into a sale; and to sell vessels to an enemy is to give aid and comfort, and therefore treason; and any person so offending would be brought to punishment by the Government.

PERSONAL.

General Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, who is about to take command of the Baltimore and Annapolis department, in place of General Butler, promoted, is possessed of large property in Maryland, and is well known and much esteemed by the citizens of Baltimore.

The four regiments of Missouri Volunteers, of one of which Frank Blair is Colonel, have been formed into a brigade, and Captain Lyon, who commanded them when they captured the Secession forces, has been elected Brigadier-General.

The wife of Lieutenant Slemmer is at Washington, where she receives very marked attention.

Senator Douglas is very ill of typhoid fever; his condition is still critical.

Mr. Lincoln occupied himself one day last week in making a personal reconnoitre on the banks of the Potomac. He visited Great Falls, sixteen miles above Washington, crossed the chain bridge, and passed the pickets of the secessionists twice without being recognized.

Leroy P. Walker, Secretary of War, and Judah P. Benjamin, Attorney-General, in Jeff Davis Cabinet are to change places.

United States Senator James A. Bayard, of Delaware, has written an address to the people of his State, in which he announces his intention to resign.

Colonel Vosburgh, commander of the New York Seventy-first Regiment, now at Washington, whose illness from hemorrhage of the lungs has been before noted, died at the Navy-yard in Washington on Monday morning.

Ross Winans, of Baltimore, recently arrested on suspicion of treason, by order of General Butler, was yesterday discharged by order of the authorities at Washington.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

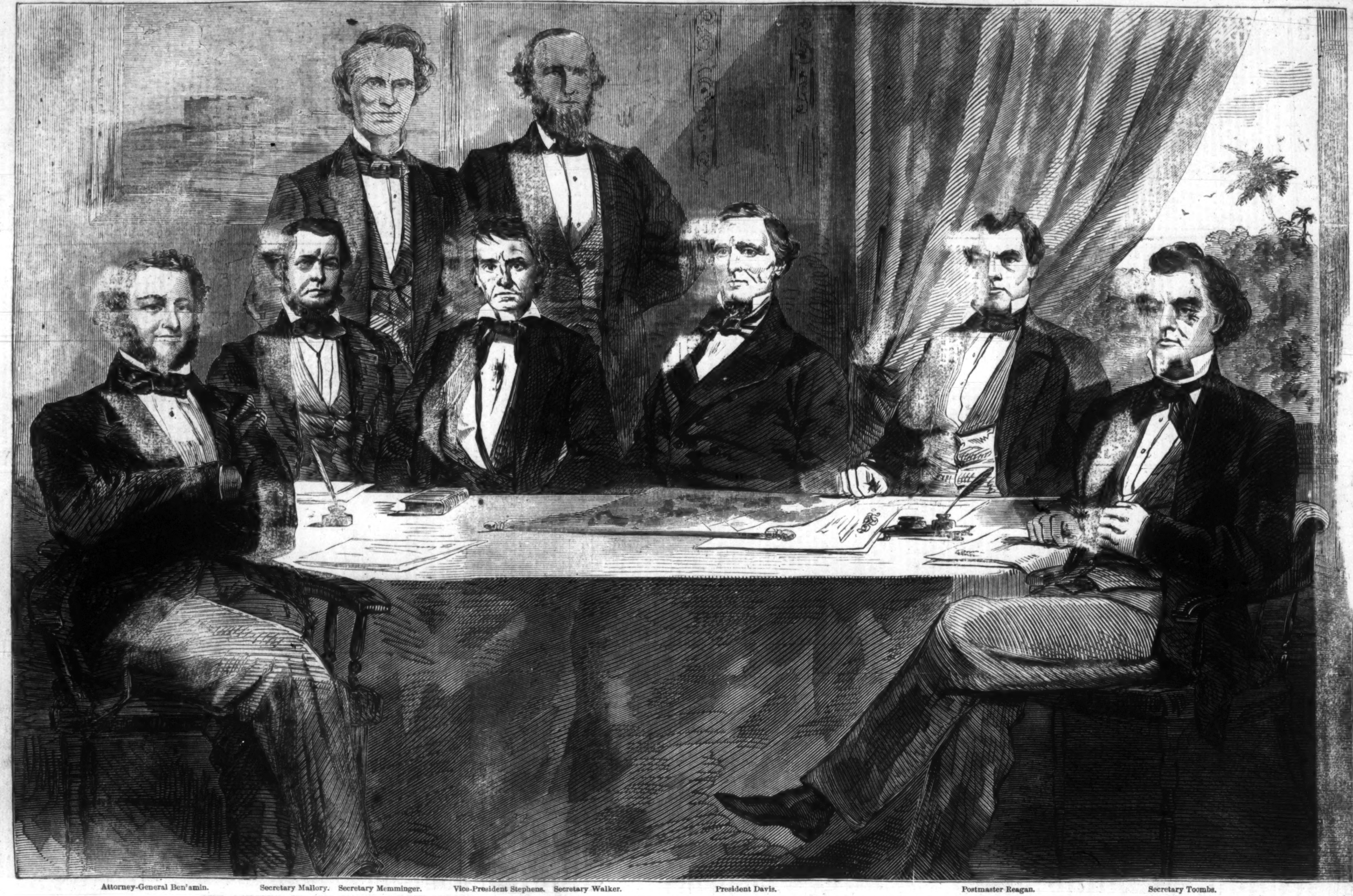
BRITISH OPINIONS ON OUR WAR.

The affairs of America have again been discussed in the British House of Commons, with reference to the effect of the contemplated blockade of the Southern ports upon British interests. Lord John Russell, on the 4th, stated that all legal questions connected with the subject had been submitted to the Attorney-General, who had not yet rendered his opinion. A fleet had been dispatched to watch the entire American coast. On the 6th, the opinion of the Crown law officer was given upon several of the points, substantially to the effect that every thing depended upon the efficiency and completeness of the blockade; and that circumstances alone would determine the practicability of collecting revenue from vessels before they had broken bulk. He also said, in regard to privateering, that the Southern Confederacy would have to be regarded as belligerents.

A meeting of the Privy Council and law officers of the Crown was held at Whitehall on 12th for the purpose of preparing a proclamation from the Queen; to be issued on the Tuesday following, warning British subjects against illicit or overt complicity in the civil war now raging in America. Lord Derby had expressed the hope in the House of Lords that British subjects interfering in our contest would get no redress from their Government, but that their blood should be on their own heads. Lord Granville replied that such would be the natural result, of course.

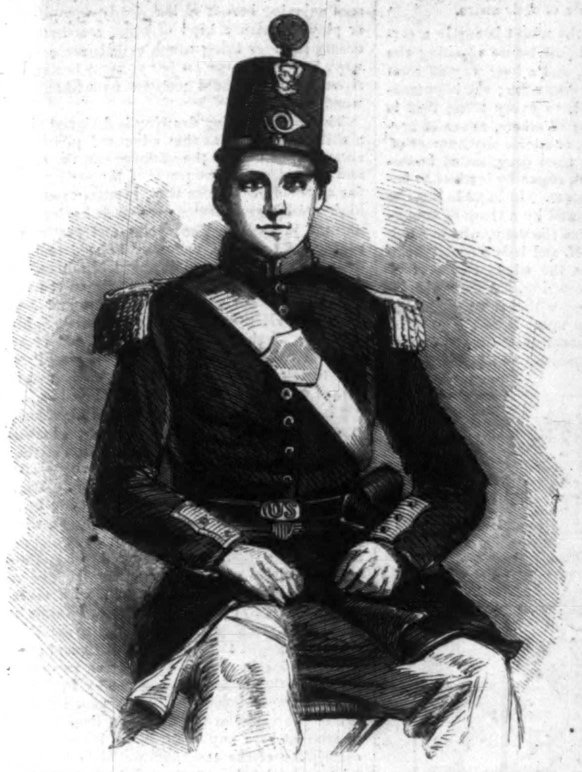
BRITISH PRIVATEERS.

It was confidently believed, when the *Persia* left Liverpool on the 11th inst., that letters of marque from the Montgomery government had reached Liverpool and London, and that vessels had actually left Liverpool with these letters.



Attorney-General Benjamin. Secretary Mallory. Secretary Memminger. Vice-President Stephens. Secretary Walker. President Davis. Postmaster Reagan. Secretary Toombs.

THE CABINET OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES AT MONTGOMERY.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITEHURST, OF WASHINGTON, AND HINTON, OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



LUTHER C. LADD, A MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER, KILLED AT BALTIMORE, APRIL 19, 1861.

THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE WAR.

WE publish herewith, from a photograph kindly sent us from Lowell, a PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MR. LADD, who was murdered by the rowdies of Baltimore, on his passage through that city, on 19th April. Our correspondent writes us:

LOWELL, *May* 16, 1861.

Luther Crawford Ladd was born in Alexandria, New Hampshire, and on the 22d of last December was seventeen years of age. When the order came to Lowell for troops to be in readiness to march, he enlisted with the City Guards, giving as a reason for choosing this company that he thought it the most likely to be called out; and when the orders came for marching his friends urged him not to go, but his reply was, "I shall go for my stars and stripes any way!" and with a brave heart he left his machinist's tools and shouldered his musket. Although young, 'tis said that he was a lover of historical reading, and was well posted in our national affairs.

Hoping that the inclosed will be of some use to you, I remain, your humble servant,

CHARLES A. KIMBALL.

OUR SOUTHERN PICTURES.

WE publish this week, from sketches by our artist who is traveling with W. H. RUSSELL, Esq., LL.D., Barrister at Law, Correspondent of the London *Times*, three pictures of Montgomery, Alabama, and a couple of Fort Pulaski, Georgia, which possess remarkable interest at the present time. Our artist writes us as follows respecting them:

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, *May* 8, 1861.

It was about noon on May-day when we embarked in the charming Florida steamer *Tatnall*, under the guidance of her veteran commander the gallant "Commodore Tatnall," whom a sense of duty to his native State has severed from the flag to which his bravery has added more than a blaze of glory.

He was attended by a suite of officers and an escort of city notables, many of the former almost beardless youths from Annapolis, or Midshipmen of a year's cruise. We passed down between banks clad in reeds, the fringe of the parapets within which the coy and sprouting rice now woos and now repels the embraces of the river gods. We had hardly scored three leagues when the word was passed for "refreshment without labor," and a charming collation, enlivened by merry chat, absorbed our attention until the anchor dropped within a short pull of Fort Pulaski, when we were rowed ashore, landed at the wharf, and made our way to this admirable defense of the "Queen of Georgia Waters," of which the accompanying sketch will no doubt be of interest.

The interior of the fort was even a more striking contrast to the dilapidated and dismantled glories of Sumter than a wedding is to a wake. Several hundred newly-gathered recruits, under the guidance of officers recently of the United States Army, were learning the noble art of war and fortification. The fort, being tenanted by but a corporal's guard, was not prepared to accommodate these unwonted guests, whose tents were ranged around two sides of the ramparts, and lent a picturesque and holiday costume to the scene, at variance with the martial preparations progressing on the sea-wall and in the casemates beneath.

When the Georgian troops took possession of Pulaski not a gun was mounted, and there were few pieces of artillery. Since, they have received a barbette battery of heavy guns from Virginia and other States, and have mounted them in numbers all around the parapet upon carriages of yellow pine—which are large and strong as one could wish. I am told that this wood, so plentiful here, has never before been adapted to this use. The casemates were all in order, each of which contained a thirty-two pounder and two or three Columbiads.

The guns *en barbette*, being eight and ten inch Columbiads, are all named. The appellations of a few of which I give you: "Beauregard," "Sumter," "Tatnall," "Lawton," "Lane," "Twiggs," "Wigfall," and others. I send a sketch of the Columbiad called after the gallant Commodore Tatnall, at the moment Mr. Russell (London *Times*) was taking with his practiced eye the range of the piece. "'Tis well pointed," said he (it being directed toward the outer channel). The Commodore expressed his determination, in event of an attack, to point the monster dispenser of iron favors with his own hand. Mr. Samuel Ward, of New York, and Major Smith, C.S.A., are the other gents about the gun. Many of my old friends, who have served nearly their term at West Point—some with marked distinction for ability—are here upon duty. A son of General Lane has command of General Columbiad Twiggs, and a son of General Twiggs does the honors for General Lane. I hope that no one will be rude enough to say any thing—a son of a gun, for instance.

After an inspection of the fort we were summoned to collation No. 2, in the officers' mess, which was any thing but "short commons," and far jollier than the meagre fare that Major Anderson and his gallant few had to fight upon. The first sharp engagement finished, the ominous pop and crack of "what-you-know" was a signal to fill up. Then the stories, bon mot, etc., finished a most delightful visit to one of the finest forts in the country. It is much larger than Sumter, and in a most perfect state of defense.

We returned to Savannah in the cool of the evening, enjoying *en route* the glories of a Southern sunset; and as the boat came to her anchorage—within a couple of cables' length of the yacht *Camilla* (*America*), of which Captain Decri is now the fortunate possessor—we could not but regret that so pleasurably a spent day had come to a close.

A word *en passant* of the *Camilla*. The Captain is a gentleman of independent fortune, with a most charming wife and family, who with him sail from country to country in the yacht in as comfortable and homelike a manner as one can well conceive of. During a recent run from the Cape de Verdes the little vessel made the distance of seven hundred miles in two days, thus more than retrieving the laurels she lost while in the hands of Commodore Stevens's successor. She won a race at the Plymouth last fall, which emboldened her present proprietor to challenge all England for a sail, without finding a competitor. The pride of our yacht marine had lain neglected for years, and been suffered to go to decay. But ships, unlike mortals, can have their skeletons clothed in the new beauty of line and strength of skin; and the *Camilla*, having undergone this "Frankenstein" process, "now walks the water like a thing of life" again.

Leaving Savannah, we journeyed on to Montgomery, which place just now is the quiet and peaceful capital of the Confederate States of America.

The meetings of Congress are held with closed doors at present, as many subjects of importance must be discussed without fear of what may be said being sent all over the country during the next hour. General Beauregard, also Governor Manning, and many others are in the city. The lady of the President, Mrs. Davis, held a morning *levée* yesterday (the 7th), which was largely attended by the many good people of this city. Among the strangers Mr. Russell, Mr. Samuel Ward, of New York, and Captain Decri were received with marked attention.

A number of guns were fired as a salute of honor to Tennessee and Arkansas when their secession became known.

I send a sketch of the city (Montgomery), from the opposite bank of the Alabama River, which at this place is perhaps an eighth of a mile in width, with a current of between four and five miles per hour. The Capitol edifice, as you will see, is the crowning object of the landscape, and commands a graceful and extensive prospect of the fertile and wooded scene beneath. I have had a number of pleasant rambles into the neighboring country, which is exceedingly rich and well cultivated. I am told that more than a third of the land last year planted with cotton is now in use for the cultivation of corn, which is already grown to the height of between two and three feet. The wheat will much of it be ready for harvest in a fortnight. Strawberries are nearly gone, and the blackberries are to be had in great abundance. The President is busily engaged, and I am told works eighteen of the twenty-four hours; yet he looks, as usual, in good health. The hotels, when we arrived, were crowded to excess, but the gentlemanly proprietors of the Exchange found room for us. Are not hotels and omnibuses much alike in their never being full? The Exchange is the hotel of the city—the others being one-horse, and in some cases not that.

To-morrow we shall be *en route* for New Orleans. I must not omit to mention the recruiting with fife and drum. One day of my sojourn at this place was noisy with the stern entreaties of the drum and the persuasive whistle of the fife (and the next day the same); and weary at length with these appeals, to which I could not respond, I revenged myself for the annoyance by transferring to paper the instruments of torture *sans* substance.

The truculent darkey in the centre, the punisher of the huge base-drum, I fear will some day become so exasperated with not being able to accomplish his purpose (beating the head of the drum in, of course), that he will rest the object by the side of a house, and making a rush and butt, disappear. When this is to be done I am to be forewarned, when I will forward sketches immediately.

THEO. R. DAVIS.

THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF BALTIMORE.

WE mentioned in our last number that Baltimore had been occupied by the United States forces under General Butler, of the Massachusetts Volunteers. We now publish on pages 344 and 345, from a photograph by Mr. Weaver, of Baltimore, a picture of the ENCAMPMENT OF GENERAL BUTLER'S CORPS D'ARMEE ON FEDERAL HILL, which the troops occupied on 13th inst., having marched through part of the city of Baltimore to that point without molestation. Our artist writes us as follows concerning his picture:

BALTIMORE, *May* 15, 1861.

Inclosed find photograph of Encampment of United States troops under command of General Butler on Federal Hill, opposite Baltimore City, or just across the Basin. General Butler left the Relay House with 1500 men, and reached here on evening of 13th, and the picture gives them as on the 14th inst. This place of encampment is much higher than the city, and overlooks the same. There is also from the same point a fine view down the river on the city side. The hill is almost perpendicular, and some 75 to 200 feet in height. You will perceive the hill is a peninsula, which runs down to Fort M'Henry, which is about one mile below.

PARSON BROWNLOW, OF TENNESSEE.

WE publish herewith a portrait of the famous Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, who is now, with Senator Andrew Johnson, the leading champion of the Union in that State. The following sketch of Mr. Brownlow's life has been prepared for us by a friend of his.

WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW was born in Wythe County, Virginia, August 5, 1805. His parents were poor, and died when he was about ten years old. They were both Virginians, and his father was a school-mate of General Houston, in Rockbridge County. After the death of his parents he lived with his mother's relations, and was raised to hard labor until he was some eighteen years old, when he served a regular apprenticeship to the trade of a house-carpenter.

His education was imperfect and irregular, even in those branches taught in the common-schools of the country. He entered the Traveling Ministry in 1826, at the regular session of the Holston Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and raveled ten years without intermission, and was a member of the General Conference held in Philadelphia. He was untiring in his energy, and availed himself of the advantages of the Methodist Itinerancy to study and improve his education, which he did in all the English branches.

Mr. Brownlow is about six feet high, and weighs about 175 pounds; has had as fine a constitution as any man ever had. He has no gray hairs in his head, and will pass for a man of thirty-five years. He has had the strongest voice of any man in East Tennessee, where he has resided for the last thirty years, and raised an interesting family. He has been speaking all that time, taking a part in all the controversies of the day. About eighteen months ago his voice failed from an attack of bronchitis, and he put himself under the care of Professor Horace Green, of New York, who performed an operation on his throat, which has almost restored his voice. He now speaks very well for the space of one hour.

He is the author of several books; but the one which has had the largest run is one of over four hundred pages, being a vindication of the Methodist Church against the attacks of Rev. J. R. Graves, in Nashville. Brownlow's work was published by the Southern Methodist Publishing House, and something like 100,000 copies have been circulated in the South and West. It is a work of great severity, but of marked ability.

In 1858 he was engaged in a debate upon the Slavery question, in Philadelphia, with the Rev. Mr. Prym, of New York, in which he defended the institution of Slavery with marked ability, exhibiting a familiar acquaintance with the vexed question in all its bearings. The debate, a volume of some four hundred pages, is for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

He is known throughout the length and breadth of this land as the "Fighting Parson;" but no man is more peaceable, or more highly esteemed by his neighbors. Few men are more charitable, and few, of his means—for he is not rich—give away as much in the course of a year.

He is quite a politician, though he has never been an office-seeker or an office-holder. He commenced his political career in Tennessee in 1828, by espousing the cause of John Quincy Adams as against Andrew Jackson. He has been all his life, as he still is, an ardent Whig, and Clay and Webster were his standards of political orthodoxy. His paper, the Knoxville *Whig*, which he has edited for twenty-two years, has the largest circulation of any political paper in Tennessee, and exerts a controlling influence in the politics of the State. He is a decided Union man, and battles with equal zeal and ability against the abolitionism of the North and the disunion heresy of the Cotton States. He is now the independent candidate for Governor of Tennessee, which election comes off the first Thursday in August. His friends are numerous and devoted to him, and his enemies are not a few in number, and very bitter.

THE CABINET AT MONTGOMERY.

WE publish on page 340, from photographs made at Washington and at Montgomery, and forwarded to us by our correspondent Mr. Davis, now traveling with W. H. RUSSELL, Esq., LL.D., Barrister at Law, Correspondent of the London *Times*, a group of portraits of the Cabinet at Montgomery.

The President and Vice-President, Messrs. Davis and Stephens, we have heretofore given; their portraits and biographies will be found at length in No. 217 of the *Weekly*. The following sketches will introduce the members of the Southern Cabinet to our readers:

ROBERT TOOMBS, SECRETARY OF STATE.

Hon. Robert Toombs was born in Wilkes county, Georgia, July 2, 1810. Commencing his collegiate life at the University of Georgia, he subsequently went North, and graduated at Union College, Schenectady, New York. In 1836 he served as a captain of volunteers in the Creek war. In the next year he was elected to the Legislature, and since that time has been constantly in public life as representative and United States Senator. In the late movement of Georgia he has been active and potential in the cause of secession. He has been called to a post of great importance—one which will serve to display all his merits as a statesman.

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C. S. MEMMINGER, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

There are few men in the South who are more competent, in point of ability and business capacity, to administer the Department of the Treasury under the Government of the Confederate States than Mr. Memminger. Possessed of a high order of intellect, a student, learned and full of resources as an accomplished advocate, he is eminently a man of facts and details.

LEROY POPE WALKER, SECRETARY OF WAR.

Hon. Leroy Pope Walker is a lawyer of Huntsville, Alabama, a native of that county (Madison), and about forty-five years of age. He is the eldest son of the late Major Walker, and one of a family distinguished for talent and influence. Two of his brothers are Hon. Percy Walker, who recently represented the Mobile District in Congress, and Hon. Judge Richard W. Walker, of Florence, chairman of the Alabama delegation in the present Confederate Congress. Hon. L. P. Walker at one time practiced law in South Alabama, and was for several sessions Speaker of the House of Representatives of the State. He has been a consistent Democrat of the State Rights school. For the last ten years he has been located in Huntsville, and has the reputation of being the leading lawyer, and, next to Clay, the leading Democrat of North Alabama. Careful in the preparation of his causes, and clear, concise, logical, and eloquent in presenting them before court, he is said to be an eminently successful practitioner. For the last three years he has been conspicuous in his denunciation of squatter sovereignty. In the Alabama Democratic Convention, which took ground against it, and sent a delegation to Charleston to carry out her instructed opposition, Mr. Walker's influence was marked. He was one of the delegation sent to Charleston, and exerted himself in resisting the compromises offered.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

The Hon. J. P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, Attorney-General, is distinguished as one of the profoundest jurists and most accomplished advocates in the country. He is of the old line of Whig class of State Rights politicians, and his recent speeches in the United States Senate won for him universal admiration. No selection could have been made for Attorney-General of the Confederate States which would be so generally esteemed appropriate.

STEPHEN M. MALLORY, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy of the Confederate States, was for many years a Senator of the United States from Florida, and occupied the important post of Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs. He took a very active interest in the construction of the new sloops of war, and was largely instrumental in fortifying and improving the harbor of Pensacola—the best in the Gulf. Mr. Mallory's experience will be of service to the Confederates should they ever have a navy.

JOHN H. REAGAN, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Mr. Reagan has never been prominent in national politics, though he served some years in Congress. His functions as Postmaster-General in the Seceded States have thus far been a sinecure, as the mails are still carried by the United States.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BIG GUNS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

NEW YORK, *April* 11, 1861.

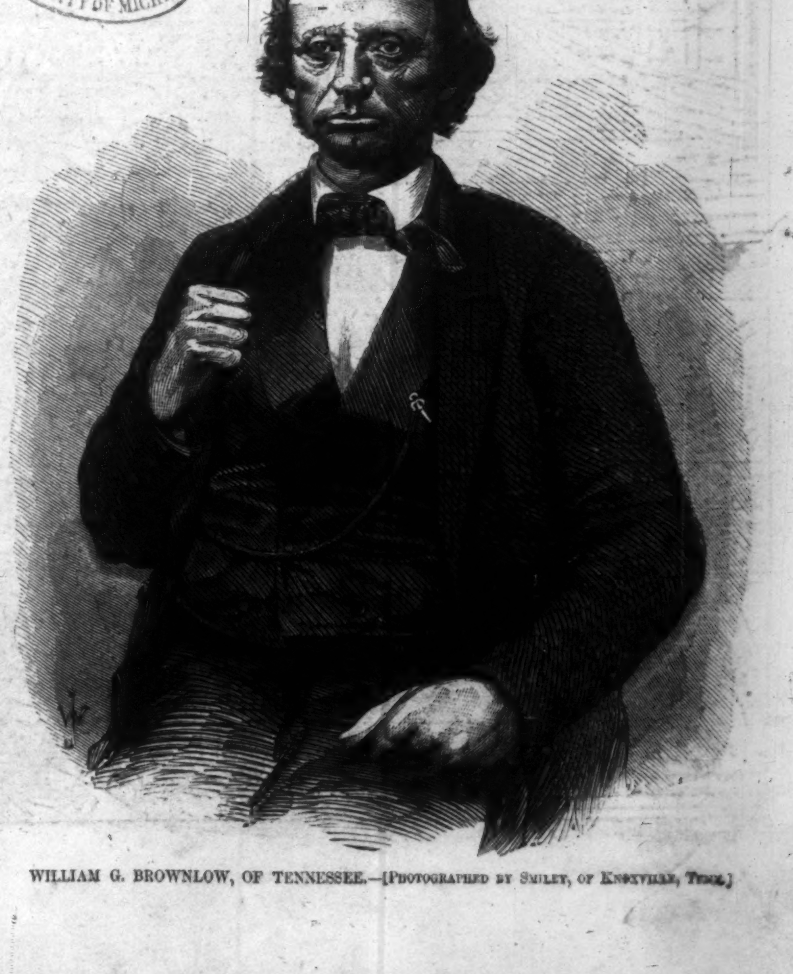
IN a recent issue you had an article on "Big Guns," in which you stated the one described was the largest in the world.

Please read the inclosed, and oblige

PRAIRIE HOWITZER.

"India was not behind in the weapons of war. The Damask sword-blades of Googerat, *Wootz steel*, are superior to any thing Europe can boast of, and *deemed so excellent in England* that they are used entirely for surgical instruments.

"Their cannon are the wonder of all who have seen them. The celebrated ones at Dacca, Moorshedabad, Agra, and Bujapore, were of fifteen, eighteen, twenty-three, and thirty inches' bore, weighing from eleven to forty tons, and throwing shot from four hundred-weight to a ton and a half."—IRELAND'S *Wall Street to Cashmere*, p. 523.



WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW, OF TENNESSEE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SMILEY, OF KNOXVILLE, TENN.]

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SOCIETY—A Juvenile Party, 3 till 7.

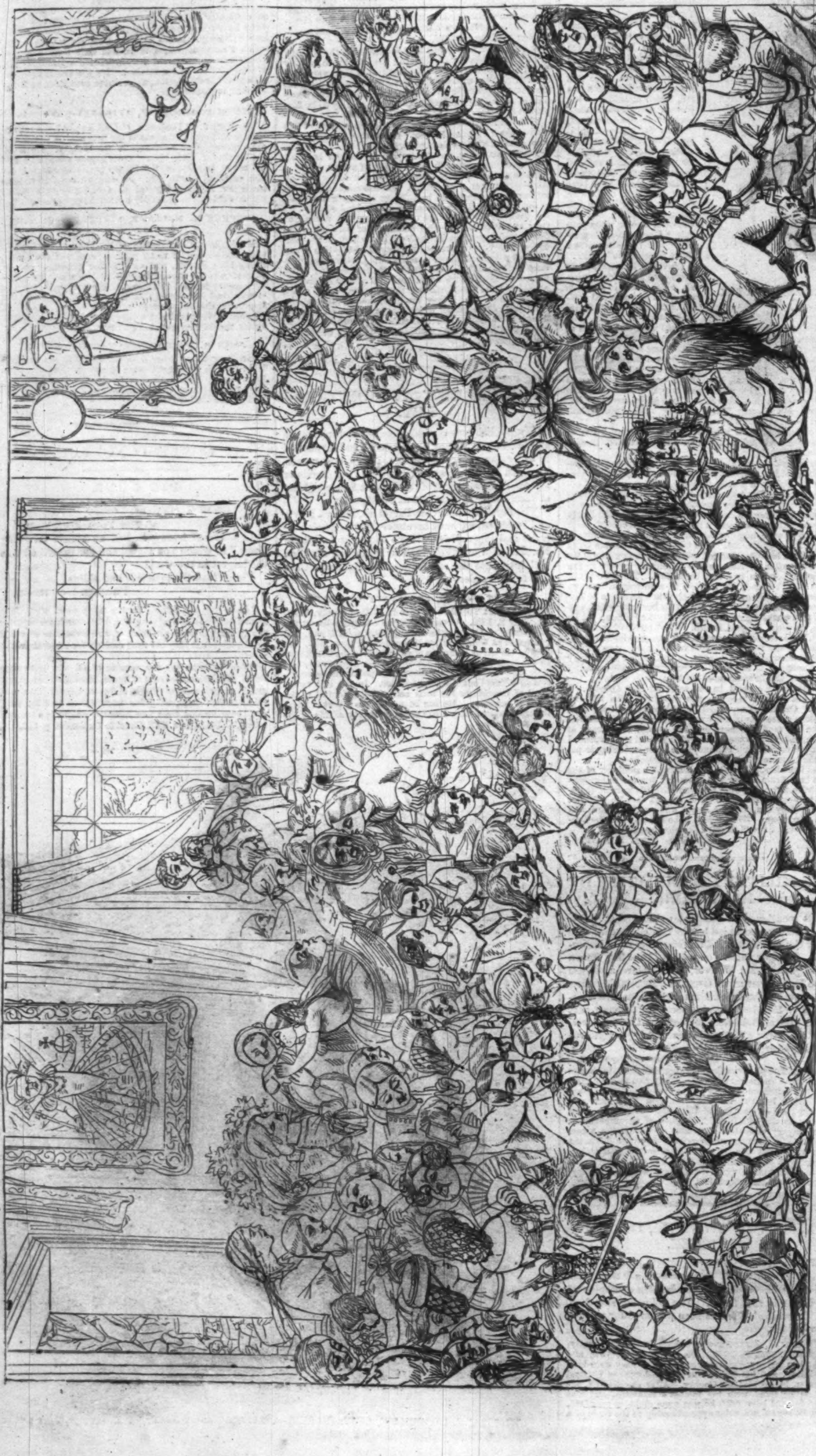
FROM three till seven does not describe the time of life of the company, but indicates the hours at which the party begins and ends.

Children nowadays are invited "out" very soon after they come into the world; and to say that youth and beauty at the age of three years is commonly seen at a juvenile party would be to give a very faint idea of the truth. Babies are invited; and in the horizontal or recumbent stage of their dear little existences, before they have reached the perpendicular and toddling period; and the consequence is, that portions of the company are carried into the assembly by processions of nursery-maids, in whose arms they repose, staring about with great intelligence, but quite unconscious of the nature of the proceedings, and dressed in the height of the fashion—for their time of life—bless them!

The little boys at first are shy and awkward, and eye one another with half curious, half pugnacious looks, uncertain whether to make friends or to plunge at once into violent personal encounters and desperate trials of strength. The little girls are more dignified and self-possessed, but slightly overwhelmed with the extent and oppressed with a sense of the magnificence of their attire.

Of all living things, the wisest is surely a certain type of a little girl just before reaching the recognized age of reason, and a long way off from what are called years of discretion; she is so sensible, so sedate, so useful, so every thing that is proper; always thinking of others, never of herself; can direct, instruct, or advise any number of brothers, or manage the most complicated household affairs, and, in short, seems by instinct to belong to the governing classes. In humble life, she is seen in the street followed by a troop of youngsters, carrying in her arms the baby, who is a boy rather bigger than herself, and it is a fine sight to see how she manœuvres the whole regiment of them over a dangerous crossing. Among the ladies, she is generally seen with her needle or her book, very quiet, a little apart from the hum of visitors in the drawing-room or the roar of nurseries up stairs. Common-sense and prudence are her most prominent characteristics; and in all affairs of life, my belief is she is qualified to give the very best advice. At the juvenile party she is seen enjoying herself in her steady way—dancing or playing, with a kind of sober merriment; an enemy to every thing rough or boisterous, and always keeping an eye on her younger brothers and sisters. What would mothers do without her, I wonder?

The accompanying drawing is designed to show a children's party at that advanced period of the entertainment when the stiffness and the coyness, and the pride and the pomp of the earlier part of the afternoon has given way, in most cases, to the high spirits and demonstrative behavior of the natural juvenile. The sports and pastimes are raging, so to speak, and may be said to include dancing, and eating and drinking, blindman's-buff, (rocking) horse exercise, and music on the penny trumpet; besides playing at soldiers and Noah's ark (with all the latest improvements), fighting, flirtation, Jack-in-the-box, and no end of other games, sentimental conversation, and sleep! And, oh! to think of the improvement in the manufacture of toys since the days when I played at Noah's ark! In what other direction has civilization progressed at such a rate as in that art which once upon a time represented the inhabitants of the ark with a uniform and artless simplicity—all the quadrupeds supported by four perfectly straight pieces of wood by way of legs, the body being a shapeless block, and every bird and beast, without exception, decorated on its outside with round spots of vermilion color of about the size of a sixpence. While now what a change! The most lovely lions, tigers, and giraffes; with coats of such a delightful fluffy texture; their forms modeled with a pre-Raphaelite attention to detail; outsides that might challenge the criticism of a Landseer; the inside constructed, I have no doubt, on principles that would be approved by Prof. Owen.



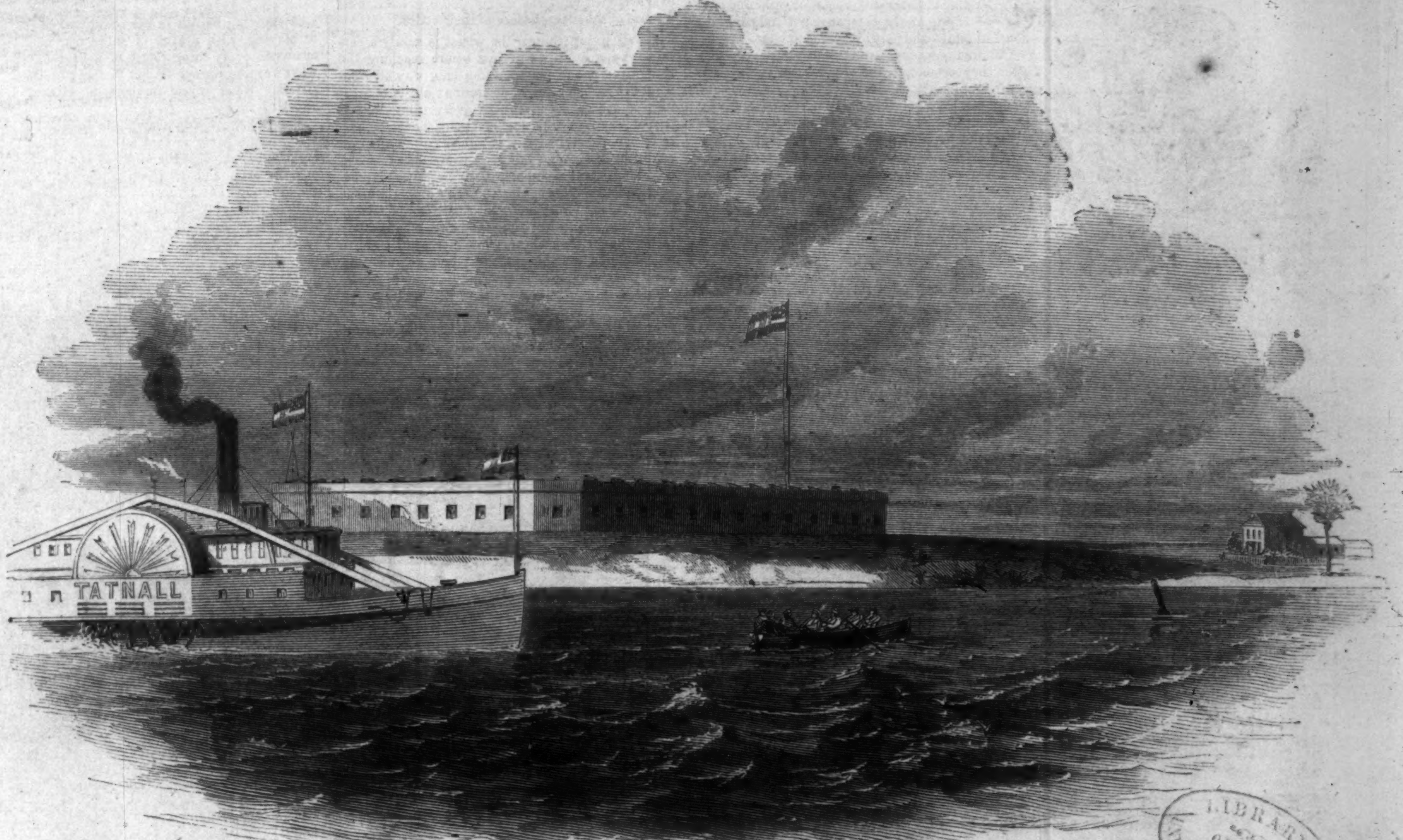
A JUVENILE PARTY—3 TILL 7.

As I have endeavored with my pencil to show a few of the varieties to be seen on these occasions, to attempt here any thing like a list or elaborate description of the company would be as a twice-told tale, and perhaps tedious. A very few "representative" juveniles may, however, be pointed out as certain to be found at every party, and among them the young lady who considers herself no longer a juvenile, is not yet "out," so just condescends to come, and conducts herself with great dignity, unbends so far as to dance with the little people, and is kind to "the children." There is the good-natured boy, whose great delight is dancing with all the smallest of the little ones, helping them through the intricate figures of a quadrille or country dance, or saving them from being swamped by impetuous waltzers of larger growths. It is pleasant to see him bent double in the endeavor to reach his partner, while that little fairy with an effort stretches forth her two hands to his, and dances away by means of a series of jumps, regardless of time, or space, or collisions with other couples, or bumpings up against the spectators. And the performance must be attended with dangers, the young idea being prone to shoot out its legs every way, for well do I remember how once on asking a little fellow, after a general engagement of this kind, how he liked it, his saying, "I enjoyed myself very much, but I am full of kicks." Then there is the proud puss who does not consider that either the family or years of the little boy who humbly asks if "he may have the pleasure," entitle him to that distinction, so is engaged, or not going to dance this time—a boy in a jacket, indeed! Somewhat similar things have happened at parties not juvenile; only in after-life it is not often want of years that is objected to in a partner. Then there is that good-for-nothing boy, who is so careless and slovenly in his dress, and so odd in his ways, and not like other boys, and does not care for play, and won't dance, can't learn easily, yet is fond of reading, and pores over books or a curious mechanical contrivance, in the most absurd way possible, for hours. He is like a fish out of water at a party, is considered rather a failure by his family and friends—and perhaps will some day turn out a great genius, and discover or invent something that will astonish or delight the world.

And there is the clever rude boy who makes faces, and is very funny, and plays practical jokes, and is the terror of the timid ones. And there is the mischievous young gentleman with the large organ of destructiveness, who has great natural gifts, of a kind that display themselves in the breaking of windows, taking toys to pieces, tearing his own and every body else's clothes, and upsetting every article sufficiently handy for the purpose that comes within his reach. For about three seconds after some great act of destruction he looks very penitent, but he instantly begins again, and fortunate is the party in which only one specimen of this genus is found.

But if some are troublesome and riotous, and others begin to display precocious symptoms of vanity, many others are charming in their looks and little ways, and perhaps the society and conversation of babies the most delightful of all. When I get over the first feeling of shyness in the presence of a strange infant, and when presuming so far as to venture to offer my hand find that it is not only taken but shaken, it is more gratifying than the notice of the finest lady in the land—of fashion. The process is this: you hold out a finger, the first, and it is instantly clutched by the whole four beautiful little chubby fingers and a thumb of the other party, which close tightly round your one finger with an intensity of friendliness and confidence rare in after-life, and which is accompanied by a look of such happiness, and so straightforward and honest, and unselfish, that the recollection of it is a joy forever afterward.

Emboldened by the feeling of intimacy thus established, one may sometimes go so far as to thrust a finger gently into the centre of its cheek (a very young baby may be called "it"); and if it is not offended by this familiarity, the whole face becomes dimpled over with the most beautiful smiles, the mouth, the eyes, the cheeks, the chin—the whole



LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

FORT PULASKI, SAVANNAH RIVER, GEORGIA.—Sketched by our Special Artist, traveling with Mr. Russell.—[See Page 341.]

face becomes radiant with the brightest and most sunshiny laughter. At the same moment a sudden kick out of a little foot, in the direction of one's waistcoat, the baby being in the arms of a nurse of course, shows a natural jollity and disposition at that early age to poke people in the ribs. Then the mouth struggles into the position usually employed in whistling, but the result is more in the nature of crowing. I don't think it possible to express the sound by any combination of letters at my command, so won't attempt it. The conversation does not go much beyond this, and there may be some who would object to it on the ground of want of point; others I can fancy saying they prefer more variety, but to me it appears very expressive—as far as it goes; and if it is not very witty, or very learned, or particularly wise; on the other hand, there is no effort at display; it is not ill-natured, or self-sufficient, or pretentions, or vulgar, or silly; and I prefer it to much of the talk that is heard in "society."

☞ In reference to an article in our issue of May 11, we are reminded by many correspondents in Kentucky that the Banks of that State have not suspended. The Act authorizing their suspension has passed, but they have not yet availed themselves of it. Heretofore the Kentucky Banks have stood very well.

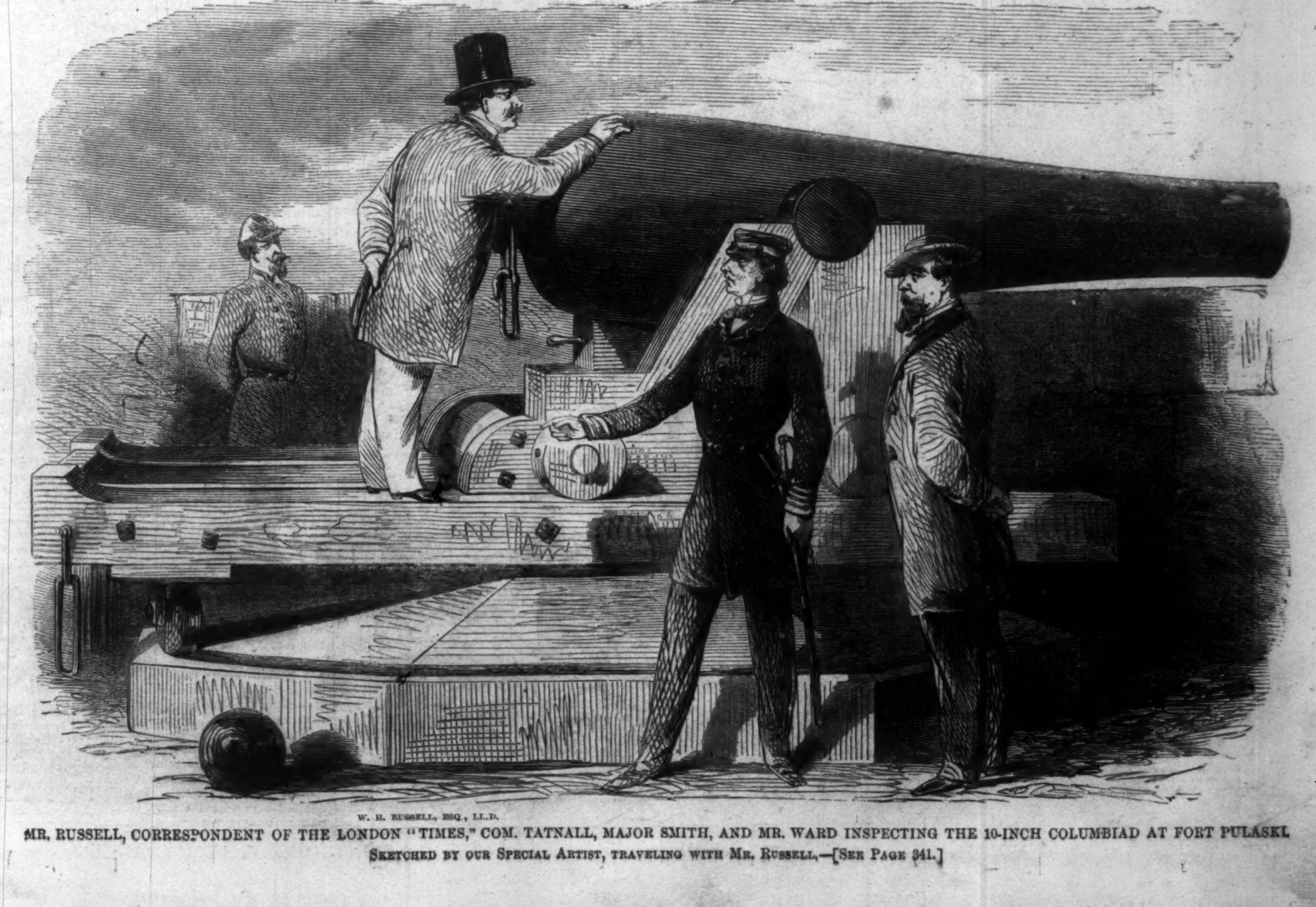
THE FIGHT AT BALTIMORE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

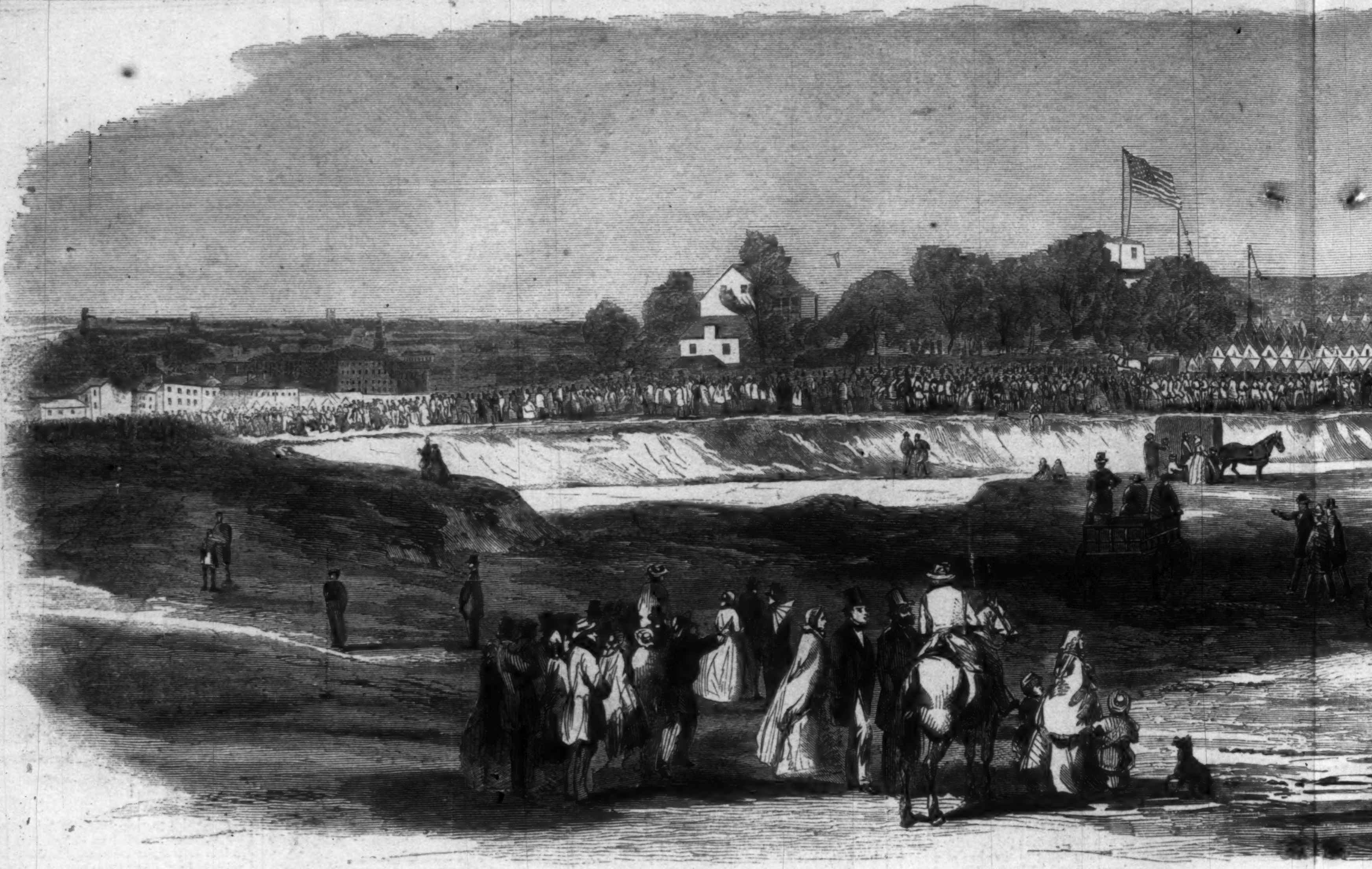
Washington, D. C. *April* 20, 1861.

In a late issue of your valuable sheet you are laboring under a mistake in making the statement that the Acton Company was engaged in the fight at Baltimore on the 19th inst. The whole of the Sixth regiment of the Massachusetts volunteer militia was not engaged in the fight. The only companies that participated in the fight were Company C, Mechanic Phalanx of Lowell, Company J, Light Infantry of Lawrence, Company D, City Guards of Lowell, and Company L, Light Infantry from Stoneham. There are eleven companies comprising the regiment; but seven of them, together with all the regimental officers, had passed through and were on the opposite side of the city—a mile and a half from the fight; and in fact knew nothing of it until the four companies in question fought their way through the mob and rejoined them. This you may rely on as being a correct statement of the case.

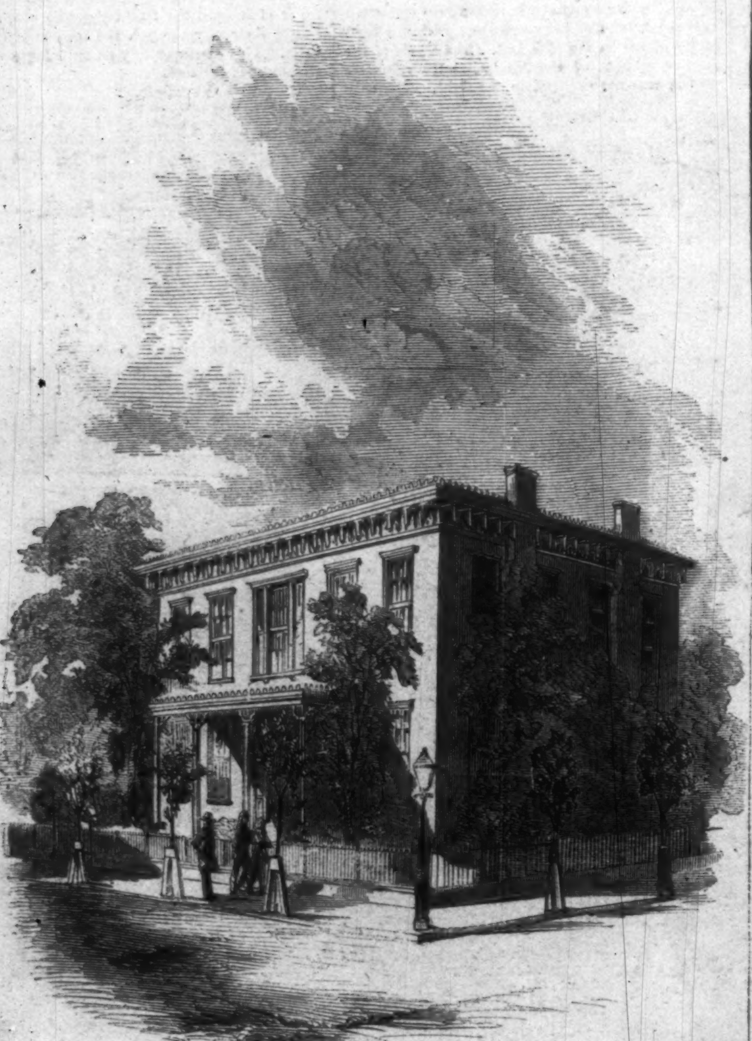
Yours, etc. C. P. L


W. H. RUSSELL, ESQ., LL.D.

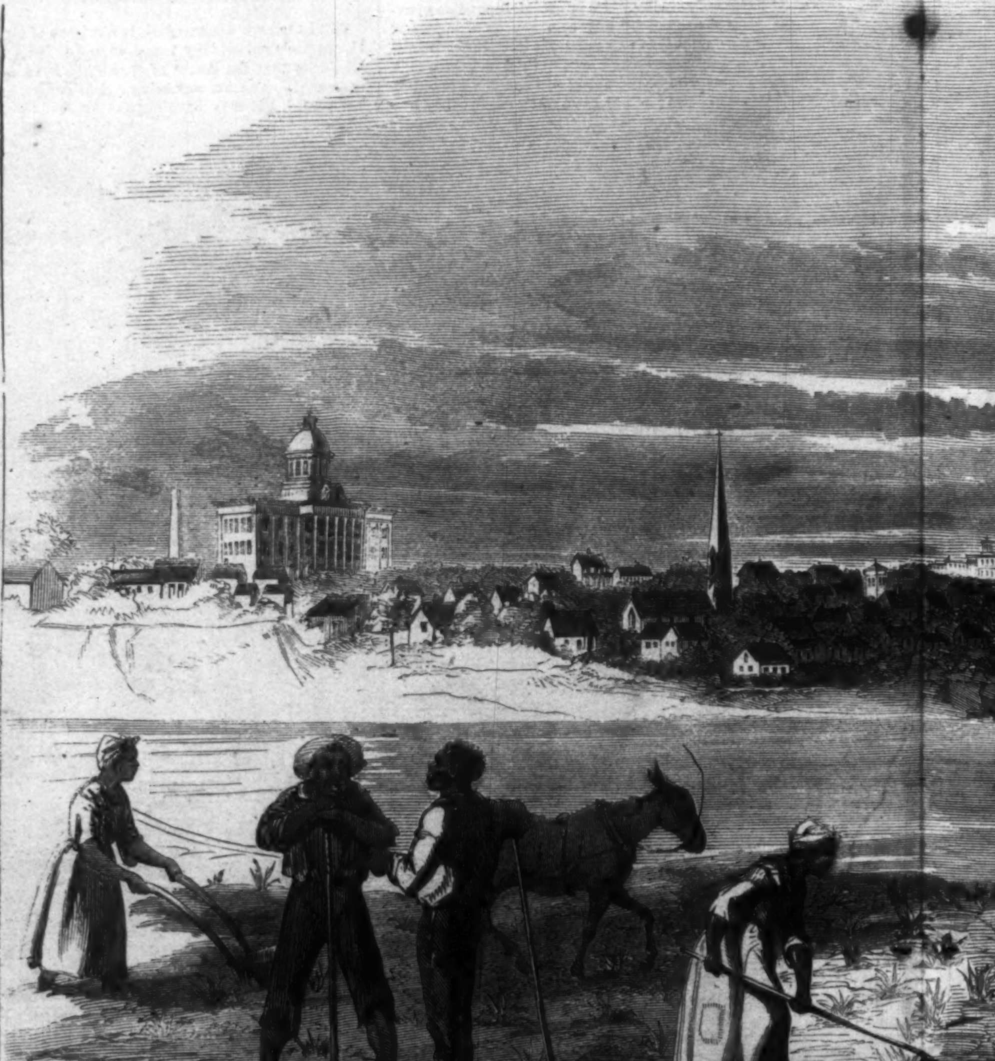
MR. RUSSELL, CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON "TIMES," COM. TATNALL, MAJOR SMITH, AND MR. WARD INSPECTING THE 10-INCH COLUMBIAD AT FORT PULASKI.
Sketched by our Special Artist, traveling with Mr. Russell.—[See Page 341.]



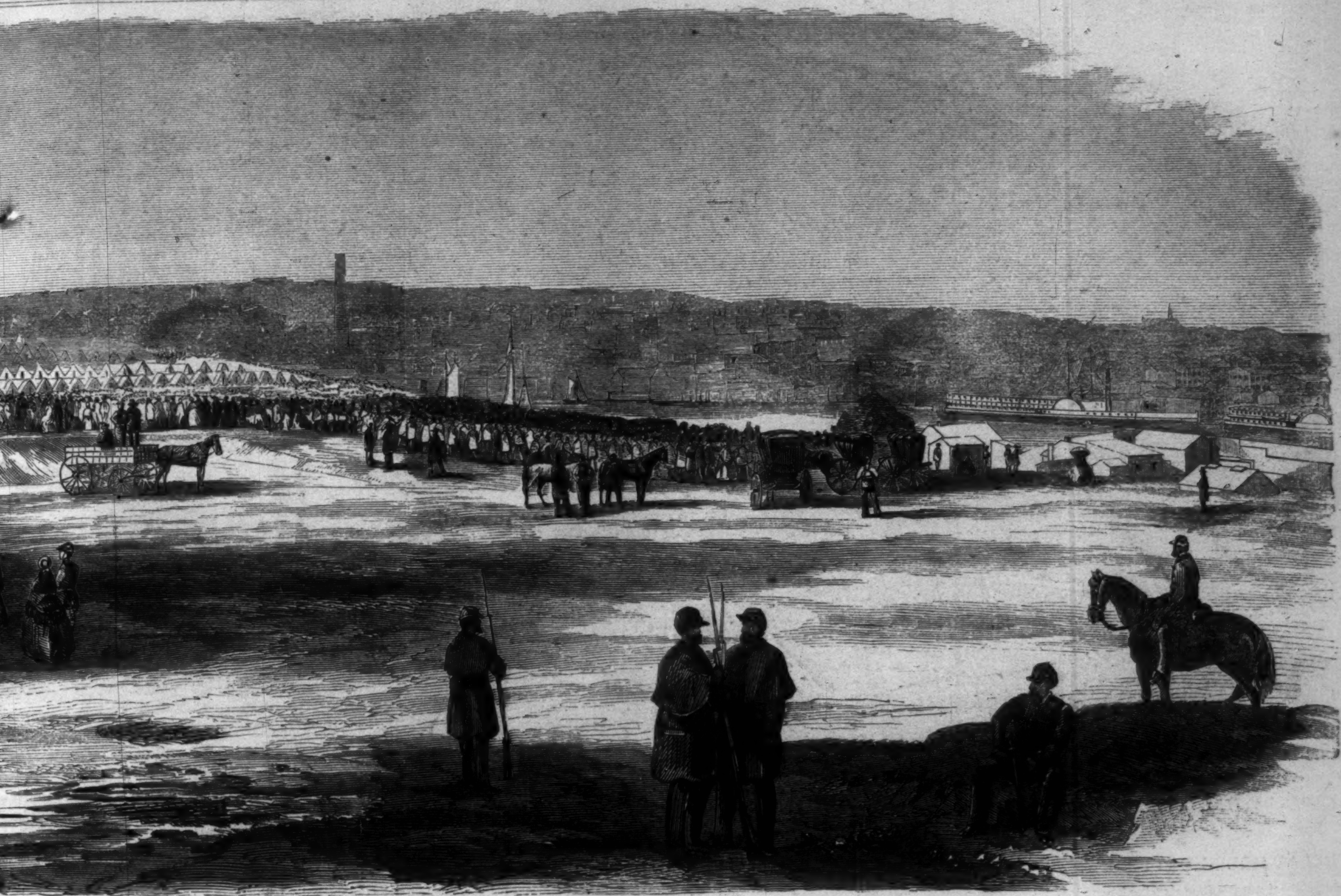
THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF BALTIMORE—MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S ENCA



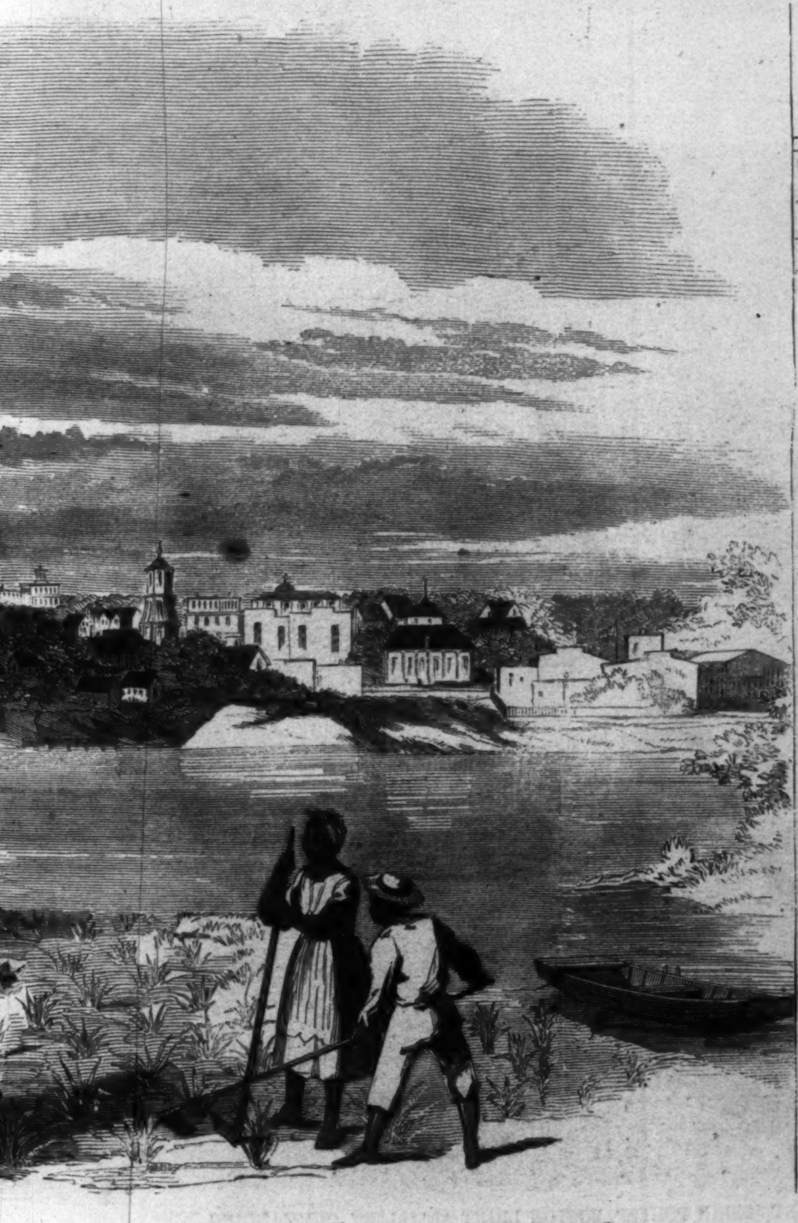
THE WHITE HOUSE AT MONTGOMERY—RENT $5000 A YEAR.



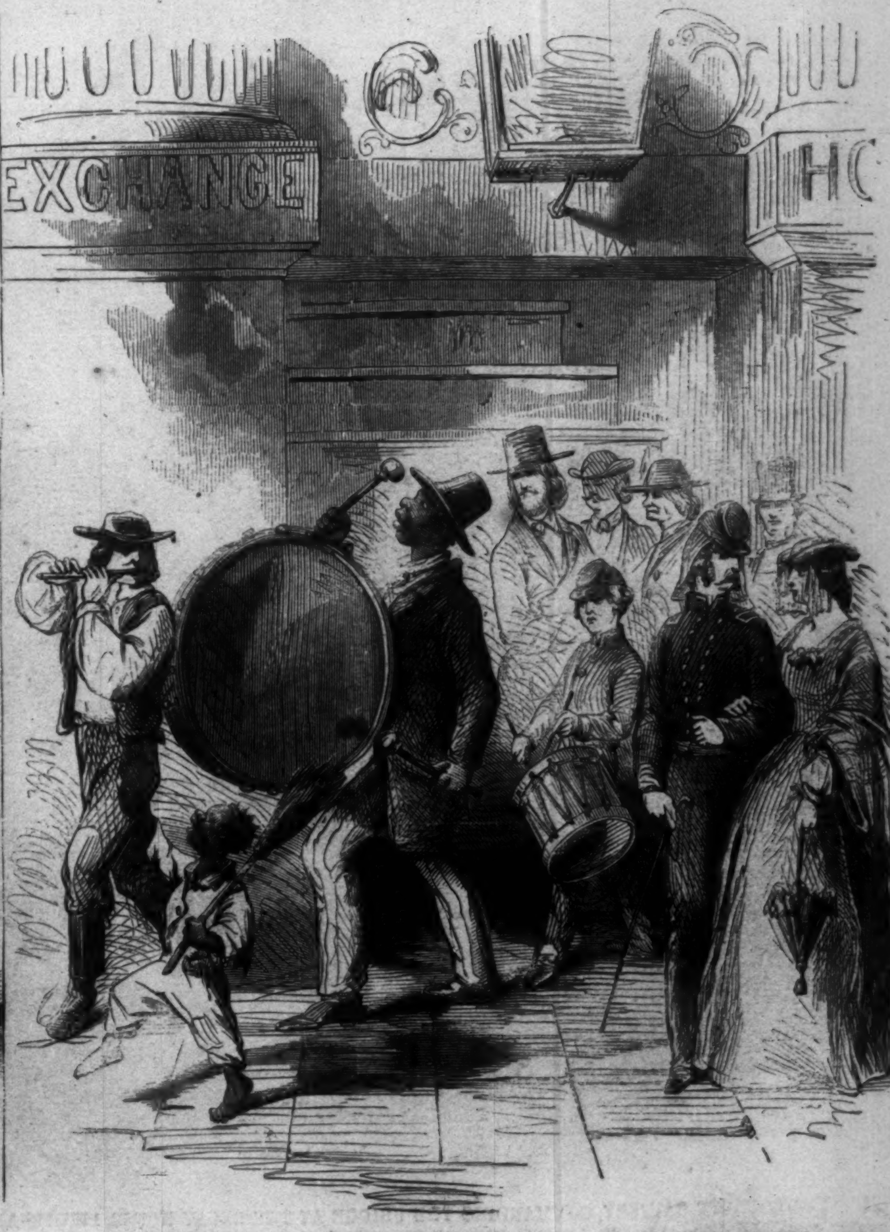
CITY OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.—Drawn by our Special Artist tra



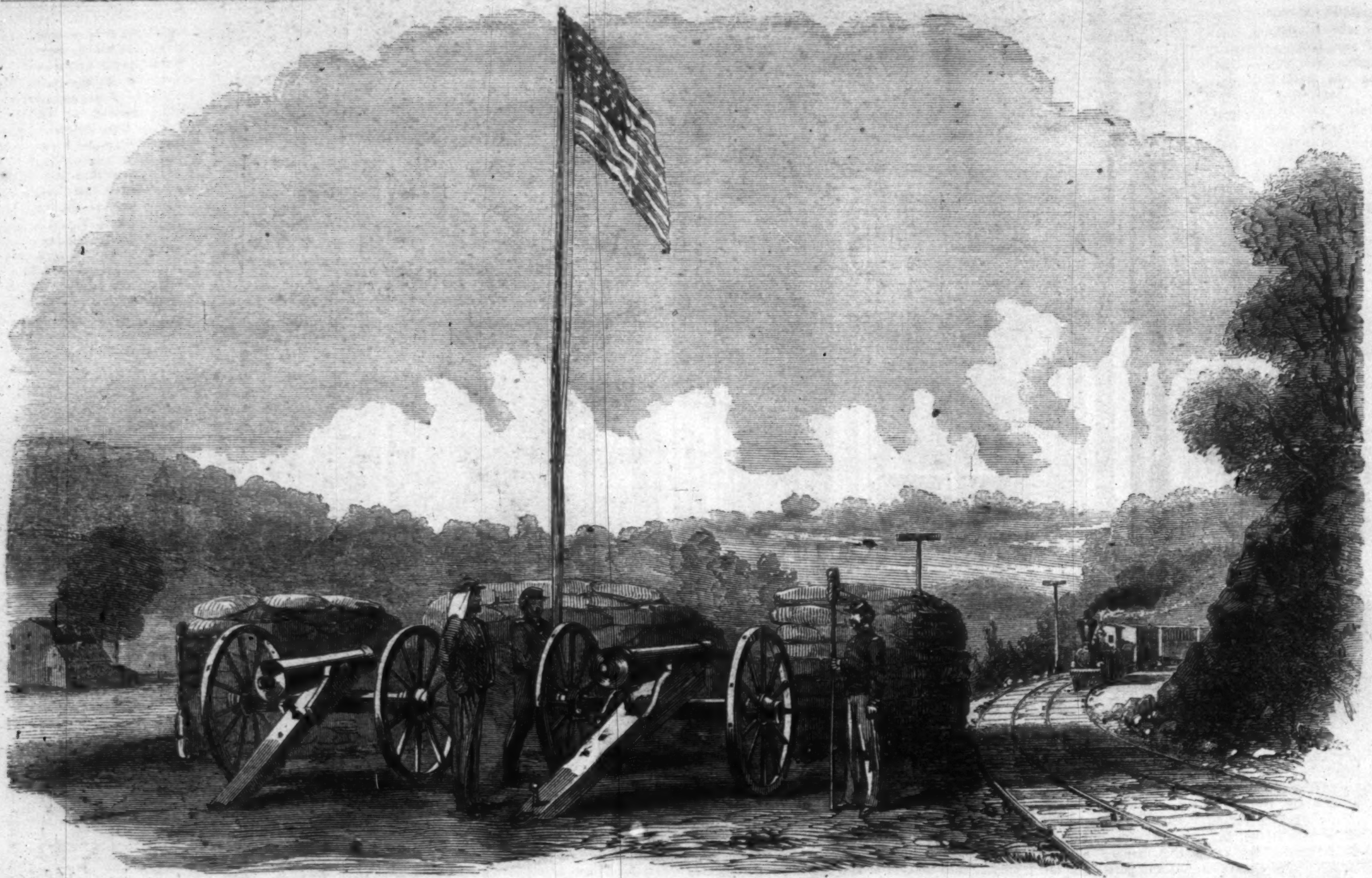
NCAMPMENT ON FEDERAL HILL.—Photographed by Weaver.—[See Page 341.]



ST TRAVELING WITH W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D.—[See Page 341.]



DRUMMING UP RECRUITS FOR THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

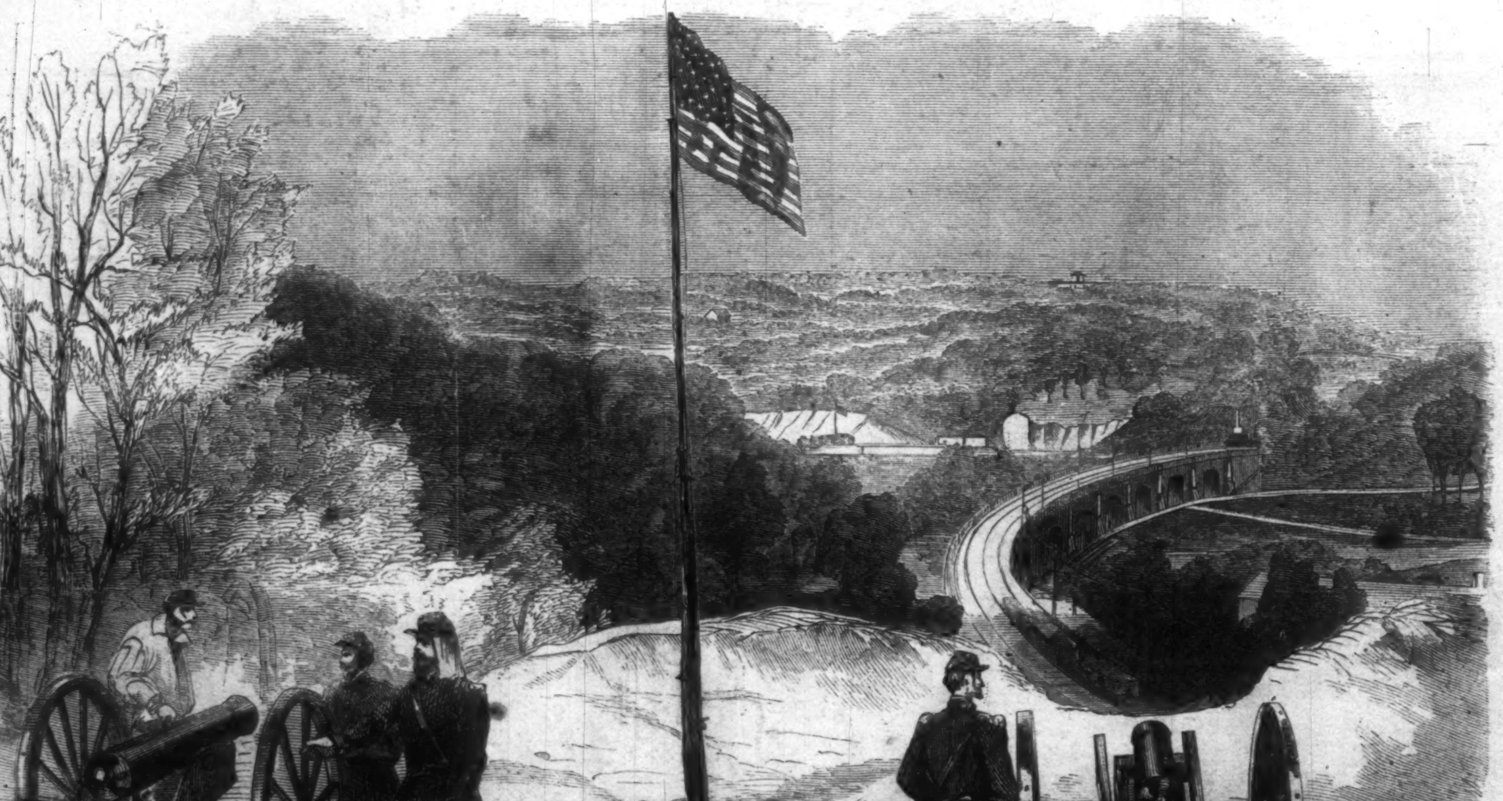


SAND-BAG BATTERY, COMMANDING THE ROAD TO HARPER'S FERRY, NEAR THE RELAY HOUSE—BUILT BY LIEUTENANT W. H. M'CARTNEY, BOSTON LIGHT ARTILLERY.
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

RELAY-HOUSE BATTERIES.

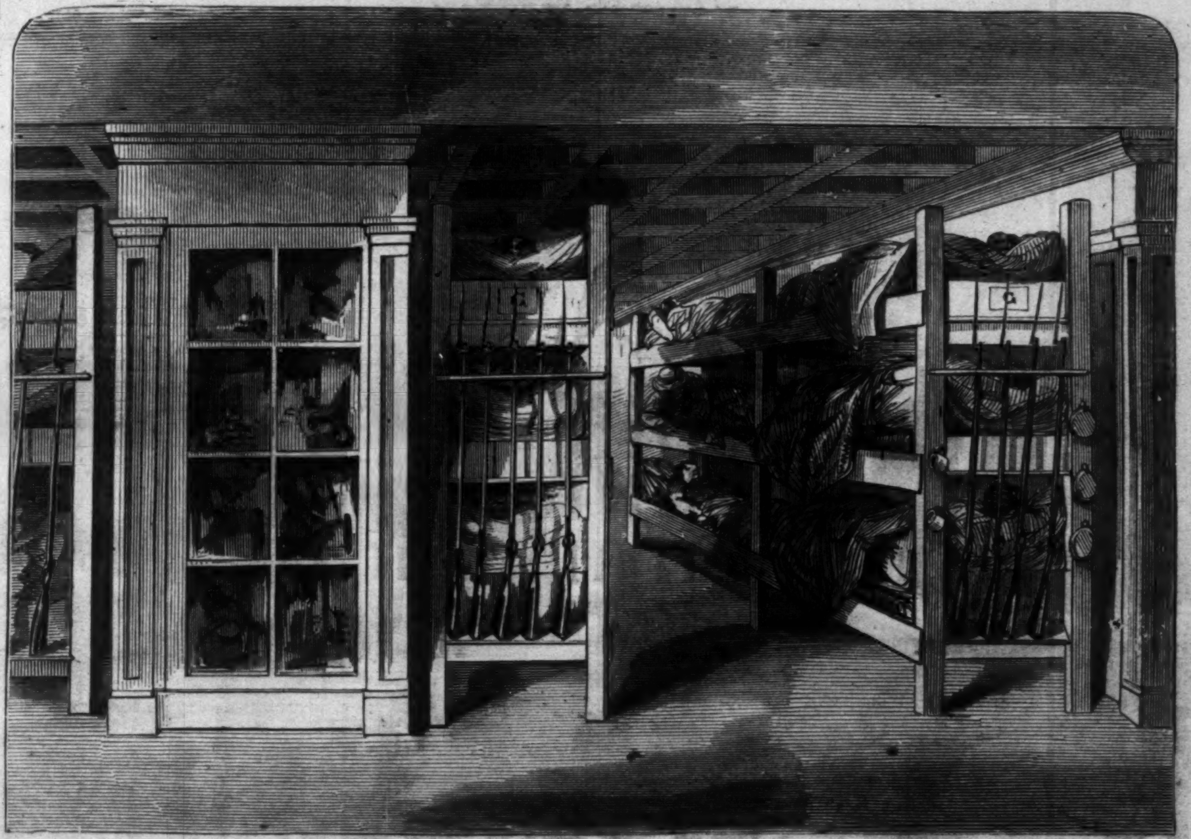
WE publish herewith, from sketches by our special artist, pictures of the BATTERIES ERECTED ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD BY THE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS. The occupation of the Relay House, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was the condition precedent to the occupation of Baltimore.

These fortifications were erected, and are manned by the Massachusetts volunteer artillery—a gallant and useful body of men.



THE BOUQUET BATTERY, COMMANDING THE BRIDGE AT THE RELAY HOUSE, LIEUTENANT JOSIAH PORTER, BOSTON LIGHT ARTILLERY, COMMANDING.
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

OUR ARMY AT WASHINGTON.



SLEEPING-BUNKS OF THE FIRST RHODE ISLAND REGIMENT, AT THE PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON.
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

WE publish on this page two more illustrations of our army at Washington—one representing the gallant RHODE ISLANDERS "BUNKING" IN THE PATENT OFFICE, the other the QUARTERS OF THE SIXTY-NINTH (IRISH) REGIMENT in the Georgetown College. Never since American inventive genius was first aroused did the Patent Office contain such remarkable models of American manufacture as those which now sleep three deep in "bunks" spread along the edge of the cabinets; and to those students of mechanism who have been wont to resort to the Patent Office to work out unfinished problems and botch great inventions, the presence of the sturdy Rhode Islanders, and the stacks of eloquent muskets present a novel and a startling scene.

With regard to the Sixty-ninth the Washington *Republican* says: "We paid a visit to this regiment, who are quartered in Georgetown College, yesterday, and found the men all busy in the various duties pertaining to military life. They are all in fine spirits, and seem to enjoy the soldier's life amazingly, although many of them are getting impatient, and wish to be off to some fighting region. The grounds exhibit quite a busy scene, the men in companies and squads learning the use of their arms. Several companies were also in the distant portion of the grounds engaged in target firing, and exercising in loading and firing. The targets were generally brought in completely riddled, and the firing by company was executed with the greatest precision. Several officers of the army, lately graduated from West Point, are constantly employed in instructing the men in the use of their arms, which they are beginning to handle like regulars. The hours of drill are 9½ A.M. and 2½ P.M. for company, and at 4 o'clock the regimental review takes place. The officers of the Catholic Church near the college have placed it at the disposal of the regiment, and the chaplain, the Rev. Father Mooney, officiates before the regiment every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock. The citizens of the neighborhood speak in the highest terms of the conduct of the men, and Colonel Corcoran may well be proud of the good name the regiment has earned.

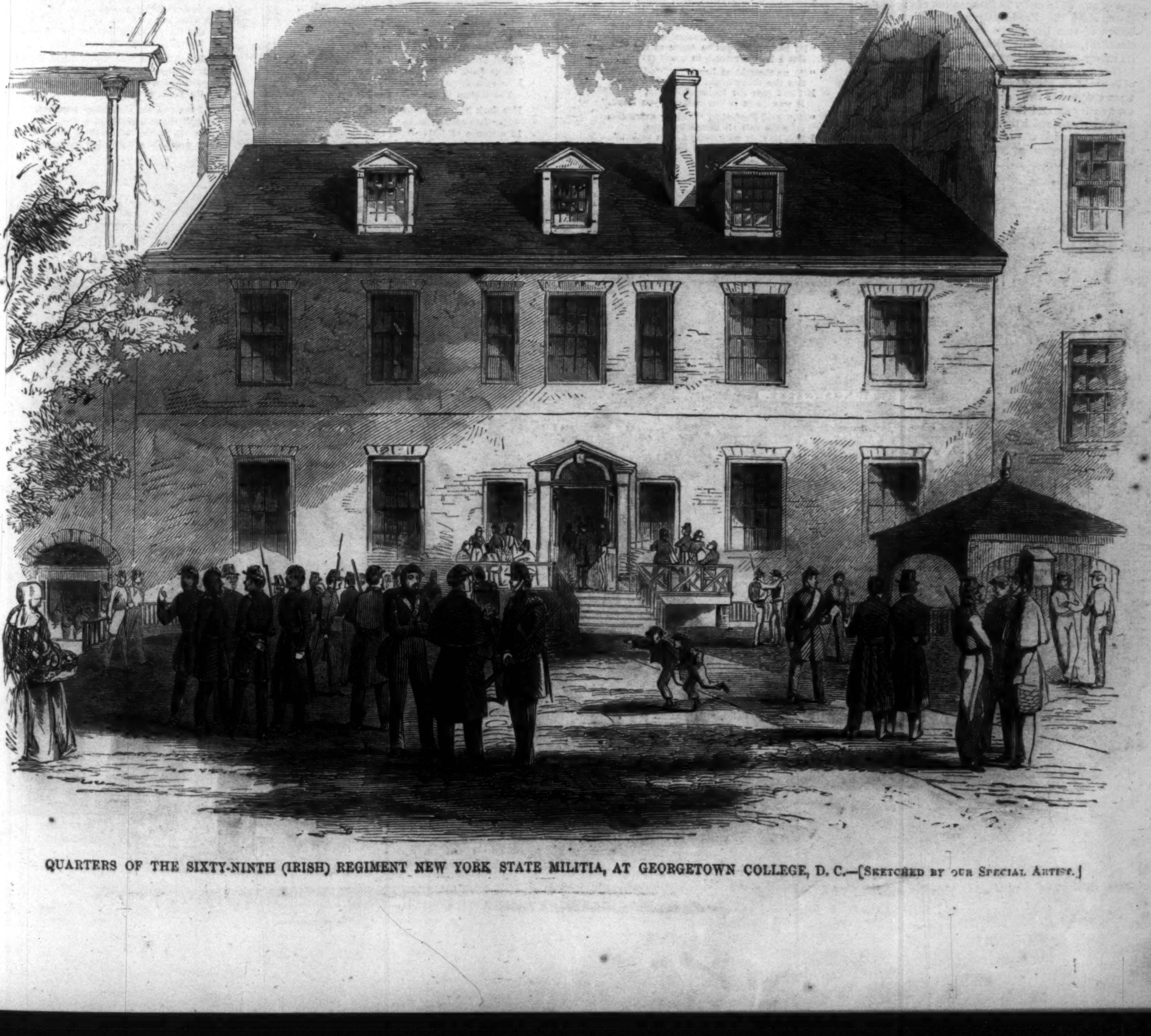
The New York *Times* correspondent writes of the 69th: "The parade of the 69th to-day was very fine. The regiment was very full, over one thousand men being in the ranks. Colonel Corcoran exercised his men in battalion drill, bayonet charges in double quick time, in hollow square, etc. Toward the close the music of a band was heard, and the gates being opened, the 5th Massachusetts Regiment marched in and saluted the 69th. After the usual courtesies the Massachusetts and New York regiments were brought in line on opposite sides of the square, and they cheered each other most lustily. It was an exciting scene to see the Puritan New Englanders and Catholic Irishmen thus fraternizing. After the drill the officers of the two regiments had a friendly glass of wine and a most cordial réunion.

"General Runyon and staff, of the New Jersey Brigade, also visited the 69th, and partook of the hospitalities of Colonel Corcoran and Father Mooney. General Runyon, in response to a sentiment offered by Father Mooney, made an eloquent and patriotic address.

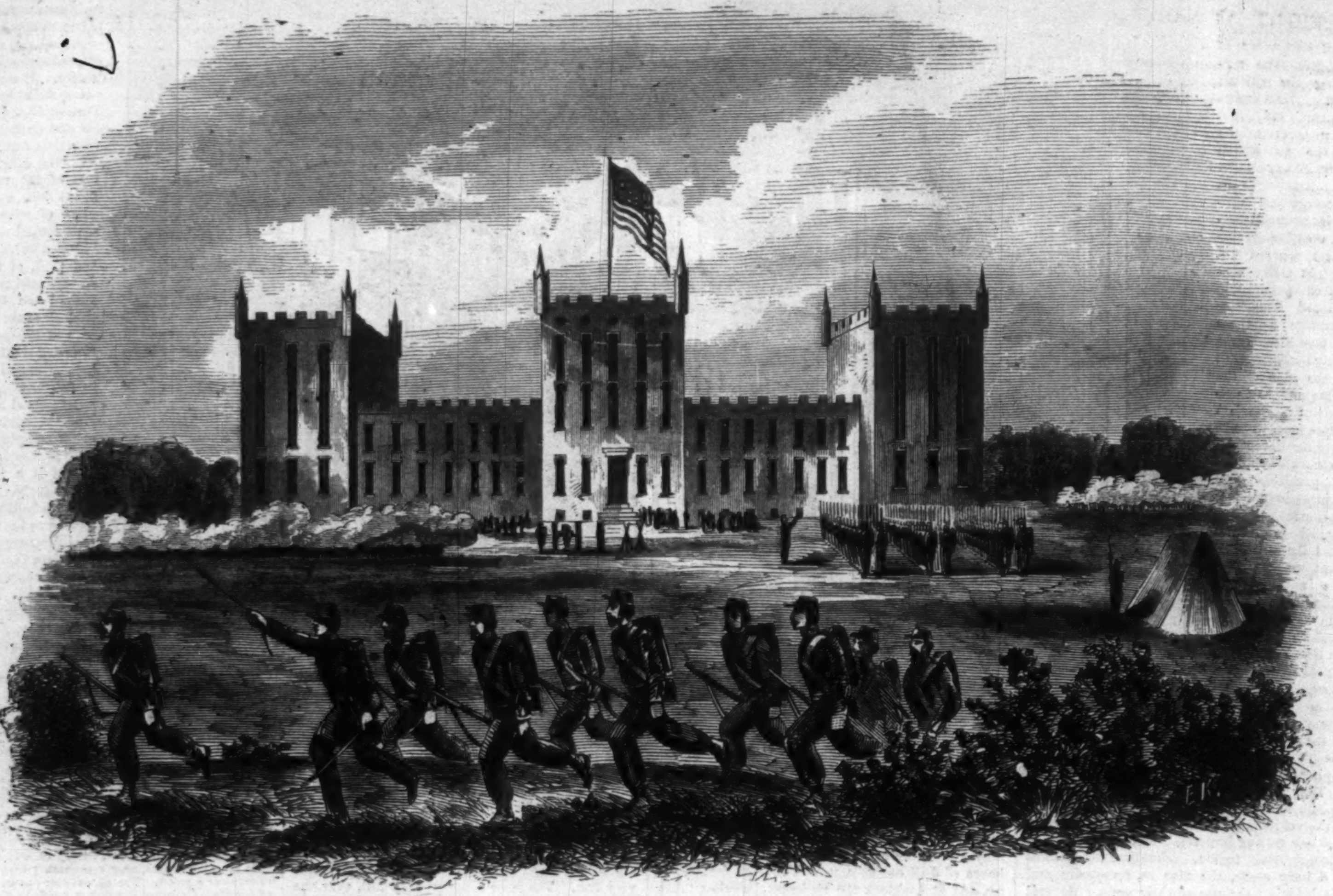
"It is a noticeable fact that the first interchange of military courtesies was between Colonel Vosburgh, of the American 71st, and Colonel Corcoran, of the Irish 69th. The common danger appears to have made native and foreigners common friends."

The same writer speaks of the Rhode Islanders:

> "The Rhode Island Regiment is quartered at the Patent Office. They had service in the large hall of the Patent-Office building yesterday at 10½ o'clock. The drums beat to muster the men, and while the magnificent band which accompanies this regiment made the lofty halls ring with its enchanting music, the men, silently and with measured tread, formed on each side of the wide marble columns, near a temporary desk which was to serve as a pulpit. The officers stood near, uncovered, among them Governor Sprague, a young man about 28 or 30 years, with a pale, delicate, but firm face. It was a solemn scene, as I closed my eyes for a moment and listened to the grand music that resounded through the large building, and the even tread of that large body of silent men on the marble floors of the wide hall. The sermon, by the Rev. Mr. Woodbury, of Rhode Island, was appropriate and very fine."



QUARTERS OF THE SIXTY-NINTH (IRISH) REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA, AT GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



THE ARMORY AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.

OUR ARMY AT ALBANY.

The accompanying illustrations will introduce the reader to the Albany Armory, the head-quarters of our State army in that section of the State. Here, since the President's proclamation, large bodies of men have been constantly engaged in close drill, and here the Military Board concentrates its efforts in endeavoring to fit them out.

Our second picture represents the drumming out of two soldiers who refused to take the oath. They were stripped of their arms, a white feather stuck over each ear, and they were marched out of the Armory grounds with the drums playing the Rogue's March. Crowds of people assembled to see them undergo the degrading penance.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

I.

'Tis five years ago, I was playing
At pool, as he doubled me in,
I remember Fred Lushington saying,
"Yes, nice little girl, but no tin."

"Oh! such a sweet net was she spreading
To catch me." He stroked his mustache.
"I'd have ask'd you to dance at my wedding,
But I beat a retreat in quick march."

"I'd no thought at her feelings of hurting,
But the thing began awkward to grow;
If I *did* pass the limits of flirting,
It was down in the country, you know."

"So," said Frederick, "fearing extraction
Of what this all meant by papa,
I fled, leaving no ground for an action."
And laughed, as he lit his cigar.

II.

Poor innocent fool! she is reading
What he wrote in her album that day,
The verse of a false-hearted pleading,
Inscribed "To the bright eyes of May."

She rises; the light low is burning;
She walks to the window; no moon;
All starless the dark night is turning,
In silence, the point of its noon.

Hark! listen! in sobs of wild passion,
Goes forth on the blackness her cry;
Like rain drops, they heavily flash on
The stream of the hour flowing by.

Her dark hair all flowing around her,
Her face hidden in her white hands,
In a trance of dull sorrow, thus found her
Dawn, winterly lighting the lands.

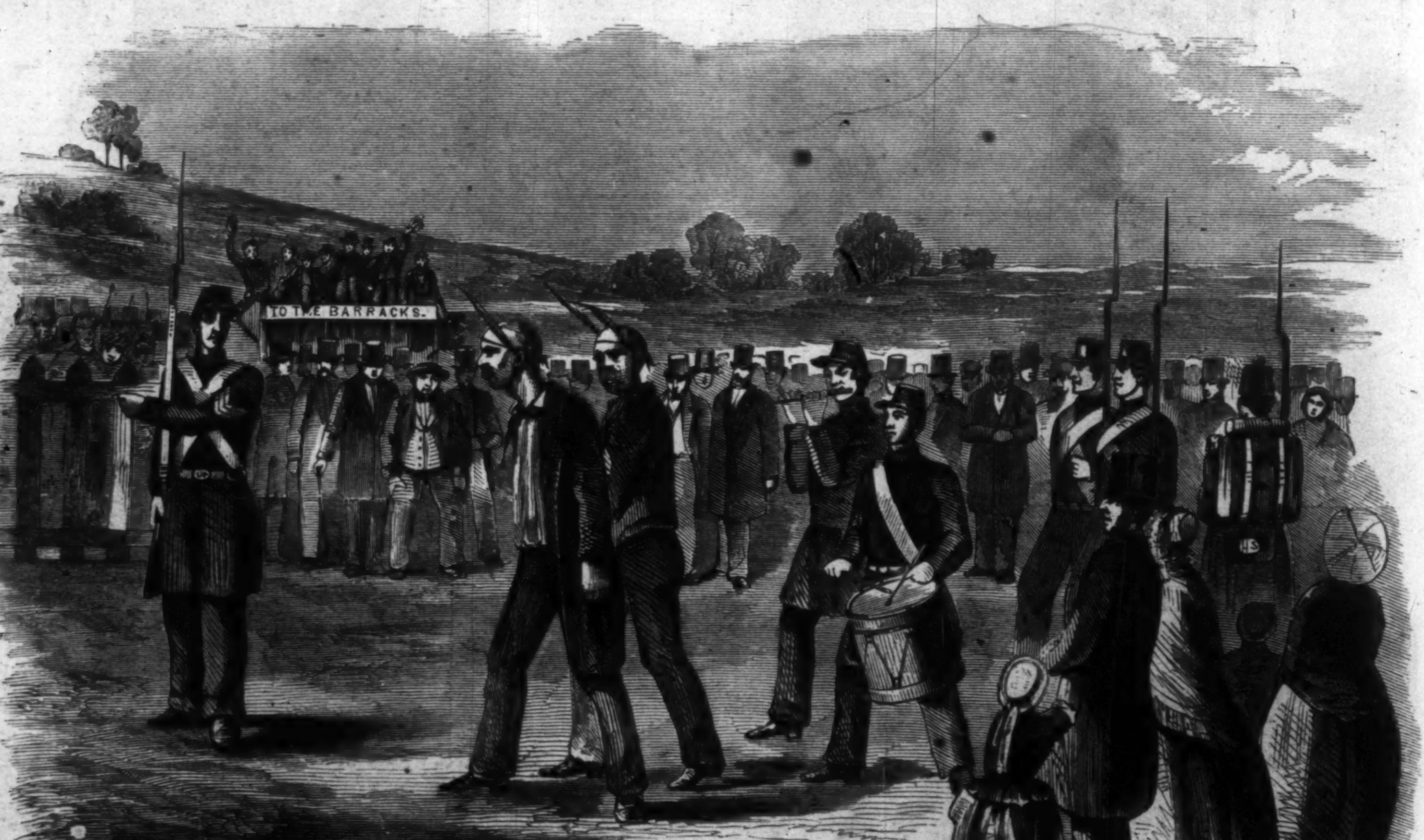
III.

Did she die? Not all; she has married
Since then Sir Actæon de Vere,
And the thrust of that sorrow has parried
With a fool and ten thousand a year.

I met her, as lovely as ever,
'Tis what bring all this back, yesterday,
Fred was there, looking out for the Trevor,
He bowed, as he pass'd on his bay.

And though in the Row that's called Rotten,
Such feelings, of course, have no place,
I thought she had not quite forgotten,
By the flush, as she mov'd, on her face.

Lang Syne and the sketchings together,
Beneath the cool rustle of leaves,
Whence oft, in the rich autumn weather,
They wander'd away to the sheaves.


TO THE BARRACKS.

DRUMMING OUT ALBANY VOLUNTEERS WHO REFUSED TO TAKE THE OATH.—[From a Sketch made on the Spot.]

THE FIGHT AT SAINT LOUIS.

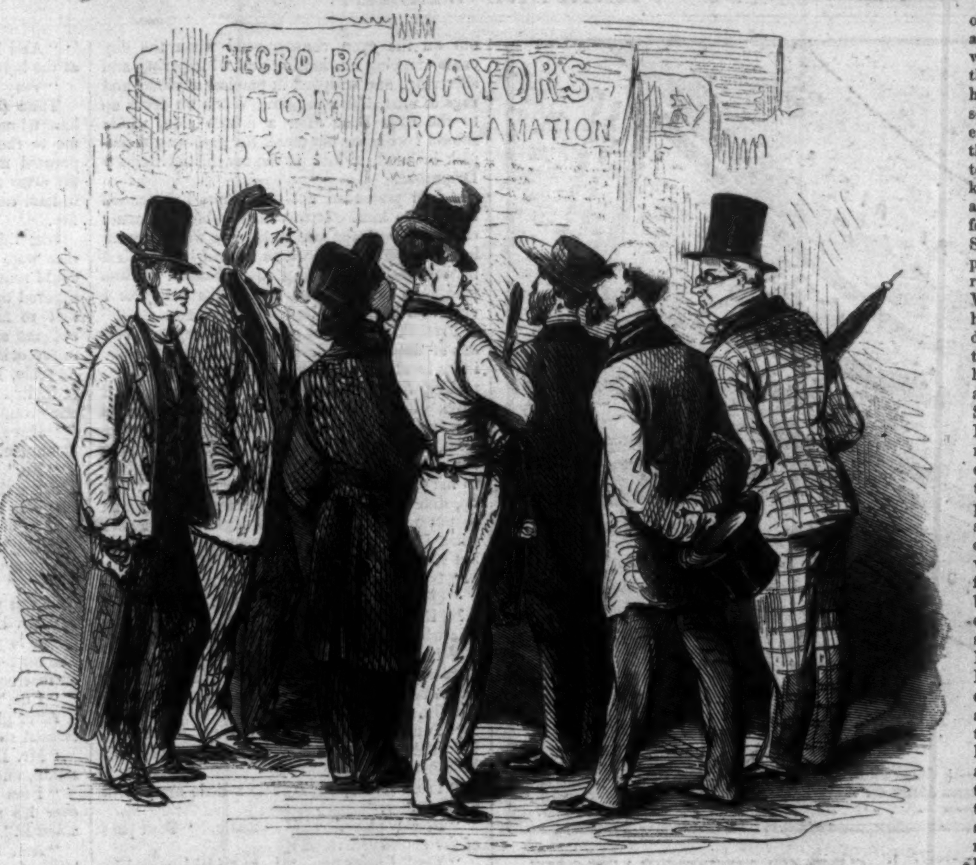
We mentioned in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* that a second encounter had taken place between the troops and the mob at St. Louis. We now publish two illustrations of the event, from sketches by Mr. M. Hastings, of St. Louis. The tragedy was thus described by a spectator:

"About six o'clock (on 11th) a large body of Home Guards entered the city through Fifth Street from the Arsenal, where they had been enlisted during the day, and furnished with arms. On reaching Walnut Street the troops turned westward, a large crowd lining the pavement to witness their progress. At the corner of Fifth Street parties among the spectators began hooting, hissing, and otherwise abusing the companies as they passed, and a boy about fourteen years old discharged a pistol into their ranks. Part of the rear company immediately turned and fired upon the crowd, and the whole column was instantly in confusion, breaking their ranks and discharging their muskets down their own line and among the people on the sidewalks. The shower of balls for a few minutes was terrible, and bullets flying in every direction, entering the doors and windows of private residences, breaking shutters, and smashing bricks in the third story.

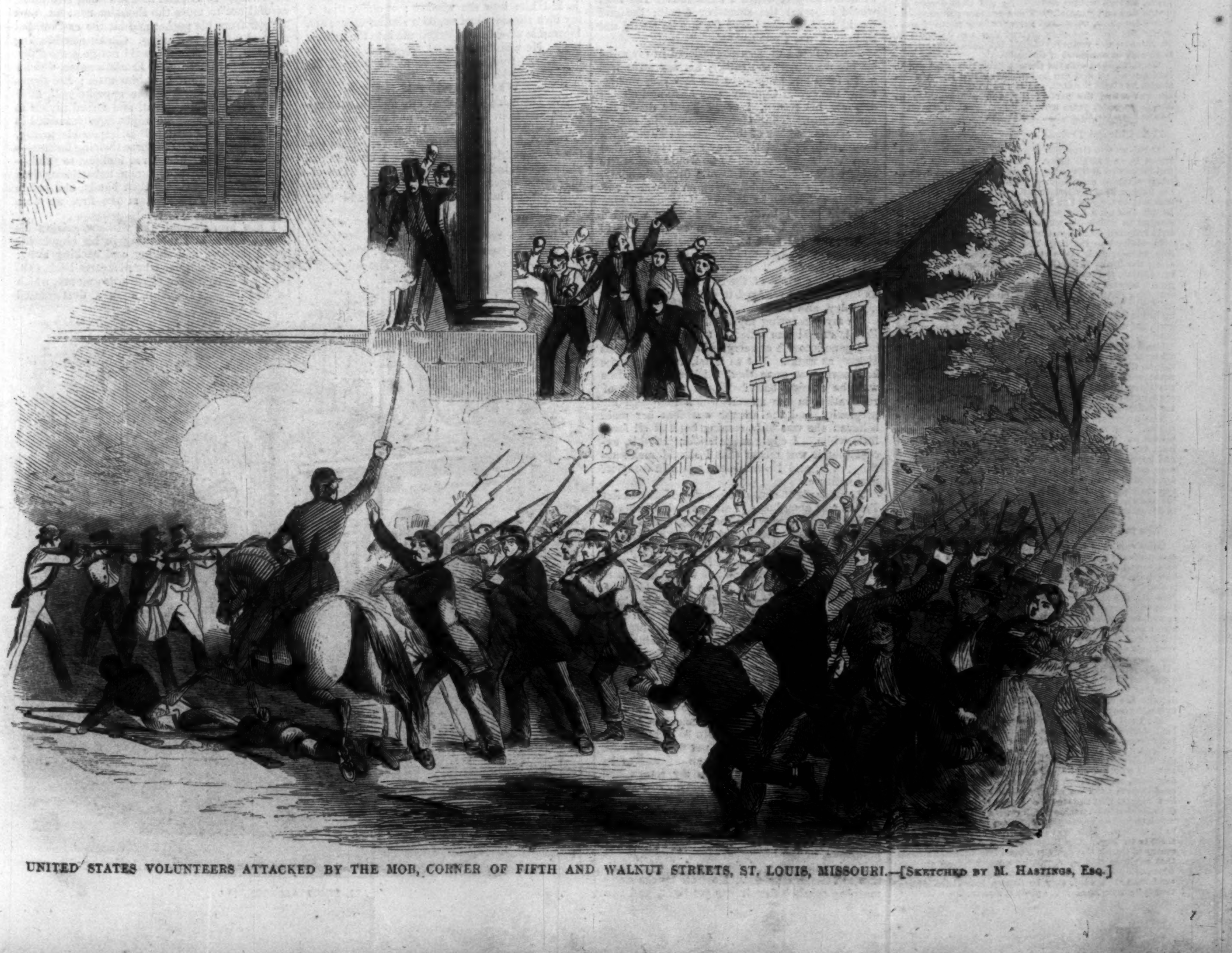
"The utmost confusion and consternation prevailed, spectators fleeing in all directions, and but for the random firing of the troops scores of people must have been killed. As most of the firing was directed down their own ranks the troops suffered most severely, four of their number being instantly killed and several wounded.

"Immense crowds of people filled the streets after the occurrence. The most intense indignation was expressed against the Germans. Mayor Taylor addressed the excited crowd and induced them to disperse under the promise that no further violence should be done. The city was comparatively quiet during the evening and night, a heavy rain preventing the assembling of large crowds."

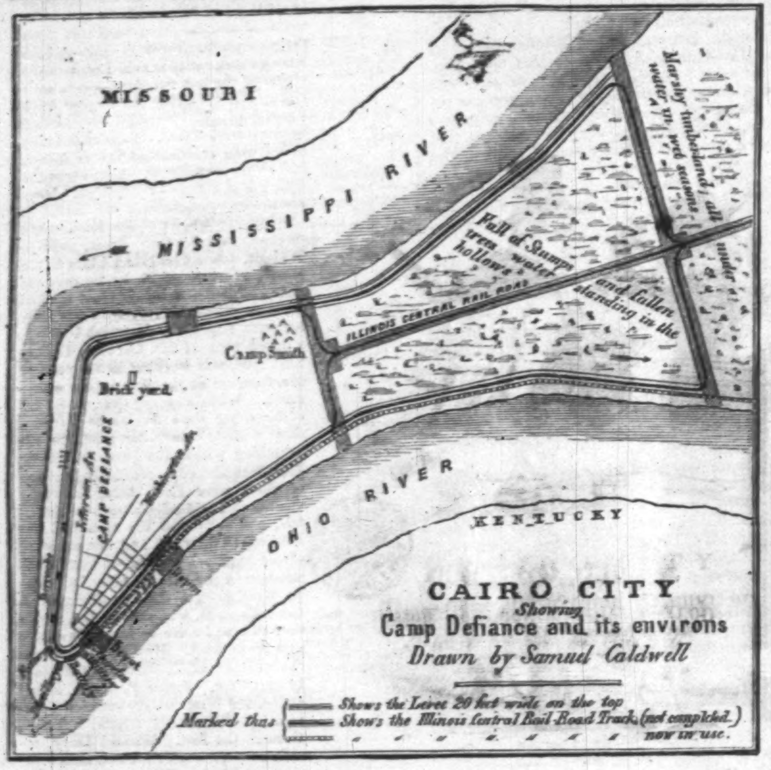
The following account of the affair is from the St. Louis *Republican* of May 12: "Another act in the terrible drama of blood that opened so fearfully on Friday, was enacted last evening, and six more victims were added to the already sad list of dead. Two scenes of blood so close together, and so frightful in their results, have seldom before plunged a city into mourning. At about half past five o'clock in the evening a large body of the German Home Guards entered the city through Fifth Street, from the arsenal, where they had been enlisted during the day and furnished with arms. Large crowds collected to witness their march, and they passed unmolested along until they reached Walnut, when they turned up that street and proceeded westward. Large crowds were collected on these corners, who hooted and hissed as the companies passed, and one man standing on the steps of the church fired a revolver into the ranks. A soldier fell dead, when two more shots were fired from the windows of a house near by. At this time the head of the column, which reached as far as Seventh, suddenly turned, and, leveling their rifles, fired down the street, and promiscuously among the spectators who lined the pavement. Shooting as they did directly toward their own rear ranks, they killed some of their men as well as those composing the crowd. The shower of bullets was for a moment terrible, and the only wonder is that more lives were not lost. The missiles of lead entered the windows and perforated the doors of private residences, tearing the ceilings and throwing splinters in every direction. The house of Mr. Mathews was entered by three bullets, and Mr. Mathews's daughter was struck slightly by a spent ball. On the street the scene presented as the soldiers moved off was sad indeed. Six men lay dead at different points, and several were wounded and shrieking with pain upon the pavements. The dead carts—which have become familiar vehicles since the scenes of the last two days—were soon engaged in removing the corpses from the ground. The wounded were carried to the Health Office. Four of the men killed were members of the regiment, and two were citizens. Last night the former had not been recognized. Jerry Switzelan, an engineer on the river, was passing by the door of Mr. H. Glover's residence, on Seventh Street, next to Walnut, when a ball struck him in the head, and scattered his brains over the door and walls. A pool of blood marked the spot where he fell, after his body had been removed. Jeremiah Godfrey, a hired man of Mr. Cozzens, County Surveyor, was working in the yard of Mr. Cozzens at the time of the occurrence. While stooping over, in the act of fastening some flowers to a frame, three soldiers entered the gate, and approaching within the yard, fired three shots into his body. Fortunately, none of them were fatal, being all flesh wounds. The family witnessed the affair, and says that the man had not been out of the yard, and was unaware of the approach of his assailants until stricken down by their bullets. Charles H. Woodward, a clerk in Pomeroy & Benton's store, was shot in the shoulder, and will have to have his entire arm amputated. He was carried into the residence of Mr. Mathews and kindly cared for. James F. Welsh, living at No. 189 Wash Street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, was shot through the foot. Michael Davy, residing between O'Fallen and Cass Avenue and Sixth and Seventh, received a ball through the ankle, and amputation will be necessary. John Nelus was wounded in the cheek. Several others were injured slightly. The houses on the right side of Walnut, from Fifth to Seventh, were considerably injured by bullets, and the inmates in several cases had very narrow escapes. At a late hour in the night the bodies of John Gabnin, whose brother keeps a livery-stable on Market Street, William Cody, a book-peddler, from New Orleans, and John Dick, a German soldier, were recognized among the dead. Immense crowds of people filled the streets after the occurrence, and the whole city presented a scene of excitement seldom witnessed. Mayor Taylor made an address to the people from the steps of the church on Fifth and Walnut streets."



CORNER SCENE DURING THE EXCITEMENT AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[Sketched by M. Hastings, Esq.]



UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS ATTACKED BY THE MOB, CORNER OF FIFTH AND WALNUT STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[Sketched by M. Hastings, Esq.]


MISSOURI
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
Marshy timberland, all under water in wet seasons
Full of Stumps and fallen trees water standing in the hollows
ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAIL ROAD
Camp Smith
Brick yard
CAMP DEFIANCE
Jefferson Av.
Washington Av.
OHIO RIVER
KENTUCKY
CAIRO CITY
Showing
Camp Defiance and its environs
Drawn by Samuel Caldwell
Marked thus
Shows the Levee 20 feet wide on the top
Shows the Illinois Central Rail Road Track (not completed.)
now in use.

THE CAMP AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

The accompanying plan of the Camp of the United States Volunteers at Cairo, Illinois, at the Junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers, will enable our readers to realize the change which has lately taken place in that well-known spot. Two camps have been established near the junction of the rivers—Camp Defiance, near the river bank; and Camp Smith, a short distance further north.

A correspondent writes us concerning Camp Defiance:

> The Camp is now in an unfinished condition. Improvements are, however, rapidly going on; and in the course of a week or so it will present a good and comfortable appearance. A line of sentries are posted along the Levee, on the Mississippi side some twenty miles up the Levee. All boats are stopped, and a strict search made, and all articles destined for the Confederacy are overhauled and "halted." There are four regiments stationed here now, with about thirty or forty pieces of artillery. Six forty-pounders arrived this A.M. Colonel B. M. Prentiss was yesterday elected Brigadier-General, and is already in command of the camp.
>
> We think that, with the present force, this point can be held against all that can be brought against it. A secessionist has been arrested, and is now in the guard-house. He was acting the part of spy, and will probably be hung. In haste, yours truly, C. D. IEVUS.
>
> Camp Defiance, Cairo, Ill., May 16, 1861.

The Chicago *Tribune* says:

> At the present time fully five thousand men are concentrated in and about Cairo. They are constantly drilled and instructed in the duties of a soldier's life, and have already attained an efficiency which is truly astonishing. On Friday last, General Prentiss had the different regiments drawn up in line for review, and required them to be put through a long series of military evolutions. The manner in which the whole force acquitted itself would have reflected no discredit upon veterans.
>
> In addition to the large body of infantry stationed at this point, there is also a strong and efficient corps posted along the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi, and having, in addition, the mouth of the Ohio under the fire of their guns. Several pieces of very heavy ordnance were lately sent from Pittsburgh, and by this time have been placed in position. The artillery, in point of efficiency, are quite up to the infantry. They are hourly practiced with their guns, and many of them have already become expert marksmen.
>
> General Prentiss, who is in command of the forces, is an officer of much experience, and well qualified for the position he fills. He is a cool, prudent, unostentatious gentleman: not likely to undertake any thing rash, nor to fail in any thing that he does undertake. He commands the full confidence of the troops, and we doubt very much if a better choice could have been made.
>
> The troops are all in good health, and in the best of spirits. The most thorough discipline is cheerfully submitted to. Comfortable quarters are being provided, and each day brings large supplies to minister to their wants and happiness. Out of so large a force, but twenty-three men are reported upon the sick list. Suitable buildings for hospital accommodations have been erected under the superintendence of Dr. Sim, Brigade Surgeon, who, with his assistant, Dr. Haven, also of Chicago, is unremitting in his attention upon the invalids.

The military editor of the Chicago *Post* tells us:

> Cairo can only be attacked in three ways. First, by steam-vessels approaching on the river, which could be sent to the bottom in thirty seconds apiece by the guns now here. This mode of attack, therefore, is the least probable. Second, by batteries from the Kentucky and Missouri shores. The Kentucky shore for some distance from the river is very low and swampy, rendering battery operations difficult. The Missouri shore is different. Batteries could be advanced to the water's edge at Bird's Point, and the camp could be shelled, and rifled cannon would soon cut away the present levee sufficiently to flood the camp and the town. This latter danger is to be provided against by rendering the outer face of the levee proof against shot of all kinds. And it is altogether probable that the rebels would find the erection of batteries under the fire of shot and shells from this point no very agreeable occupation.
>
> The third and only other mode of attack would be to land troops, from the rivers above this point, cut off the railway communication in the rear and besiege the place by land. But all such troops would have to come down the Mississippi or the Ohio, as they could never pass here in their way up, and it is exceedingly improbable that any force, unless aided by traitorous citizens, could succeed in such a movement. Prudential motives, nevertheless, suggest that the means of communication in the rear of Cairo should be guarded with great vigilance, and strict watch should be kept upon all who are known or suspected to be traitors. This is at present and doubtless will continue to be done. The Illinois Central Railway, the only means of transit through the almost impenetrable swamp that environs this place, will be protected from traitors wherever they may reside. With this open, fifty thousand men, if needed, may be thrown into Cairo within twenty-four hours after the place is menaced.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER XLII.

Why should I pause to ask how much of my shrinking from Provis might be traced to Estella? Why should I loiter on my road, to compare the state of mind in which I had tried to rid myself of the stain of the prison before meeting her at the coach-office, with the state of mind in which I now reflected on the abyss between Estella in her pride and beauty, and the returned transport whom I harbored? The road would be none the smoother for it; the end would be none the better for it: he would not be helped, nor I extenuated.

A new fear had been engendered in my mind by his narrative; or, rather, his narrative had given form and purpose to the fear that was already there. If Compey were alive and should discover his return, I could hardly doubt the consequence. That Compey stood in mortal fear of him, neither of the two could know much better than I; and that any such man as that man had been described to be would hesitate to release himself for good from a dreaded enemy, by the safe means of becoming an informer, was scarcely to be imagined.

Never had I breathed, and never would I breathe—or so I resolved—a word of Estella to Provis. But I said to Herbert that, before I could go abroad, I must see both Estella and Miss Havisham. This was when we were left alone on the night of the day when Provis told us his story. I resolved to go out to Richmond next day, and I went.

On my presenting myself at Mrs. Brandley's, Estella's maid was called to tell me that Estella had gone into the country. Where? To Satis House, as usual. Not as usual, I said, for she had never yet gone there without me; when was she coming back? There was an air of reservation in the answer which increased my perplexity, and the answer was that her maid believed she was only coming back at all for a little while. I could make nothing of this, except that it was meant that I should make nothing of it, and I went home again in complete discomfiture.

Another night-consultation with Herbert after Provis was gone home (I always took him home, and always looked well about me), led us to the conclusion that nothing should be said about going abroad until I came back from Miss Havisham's. In the mean time, Herbert and I were to consider separately what it would be best to say—whether we should devise any pretense of being afraid that he was under suspicious observation; or whether I, who had never yet been abroad, should propose an expedition. We both knew that I had but to propose any thing, and he would consent. We agreed that his remaining many days in his present hazard was not to be thought of.

Next day I had the meanness to feign that I was under a binding promise to go down to Joe; but I was capable of almost any meanness toward Joe or his name. Provis was to be strictly careful while I was gone, and Herbert was to take the charge of him that I had taken. I was to be absent only one night, and, on my return, the gratification of his impatience for my starting as a gentleman on a greater scale was to be begun. It occurred to me then, and as I afterward found to Herbert also, that he might be best got away across the water on that pretense—as, to make purchases, or the like.

Having thus cleared the way for my expedition to Miss Havisham's, I set off by the early morning coach before it was yet light, and was out on the open country-road when the day came creeping on, halting and whimpering and shivering, and wrapped in patches of cloud and rags of mist, like a beggar. When we drove up to the Blue Boar after a drizzly ride, whom should I see come out under the gate-way, tooth-pick in hand, to look at the coach, but Bentley Drummle!

As he pretended not to see me, I pretended not to see him. It was a very lame pretense on both sides; the lamer, because we both went into the coffee-room, where he had just finished his breakfast and where I ordered mine. It was poisonous to me to see him in the town, for I very well knew why he had come there.

Pretending to read a smeary newspaper long out of date, which had nothing half so legible in its local news as the foreign matter of coffee, pickles, fish sauces, gravy, melted butter, and wine, with which it was sprinkled all over, as if it had taken the measles in a highly irregular form, I sat at my table while he stood before the fire. By degrees it became an enormous injury to me that he stood before the fire, and I got up, determined to have my share of it. I had to put my hand behind his legs for the poker when I went up to the fire-place to stir the fire, but still pretended not to know him.

"Is this a cut?" said Mr. Drummle.

"Oh!" said I, poker in hand; "it's you, is it? How do you do? I was wondering who it was who kept the fire off."

With that I poked tremendously, and having done so, planted myself side by side with Mr. Drummle, my shoulders squared and my back to the fire.

"You have just come down?" said Mr. Drummle, edging me a little away with his shoulder.

"Yes," said I, edging *him* a little away with *my* shoulder.

"Beastly place," said Drummle. "Your part of the country, I think?"

"Yes," I assented. "I am told it's very like Shropshire."

"Not in the least like it," said Drummle.

Here Mr. Drummle looked at his boots, and I looked at mine; and then Mr. Drummle looked at my boots, and I looked at his.

"Have you been here long?" I asked, determined not to yield an inch of the fire.

"Long enough to be tired of it," returned Drummle, pretending to yawn, but equally determined.

"Do you stay here long?"

"Can't say," answered Mr. Drummle. "Do you?"

"Can't say," said I.

I felt here, through a tingling in my blood, that if Mr. Drummle's shoulder had claimed another hair's-breadth of room, I should have jerked him into the window; equally, that if my own shoulder had urged a similar claim, Mr. Drummle would have jerked me into the nearest box. He whistled a little. So did I.

"Large tract of marshes about here, I believe?" said Drummle.

"Yes. What of that?" said I.

Mr. Drummle looked at me, and then at my boots, and then said, "Oh!" and laughed.

"Are you amused, Mr. Drummle?"

"No," said he, "not particularly. I am going out for a ride in the saddle. I mean to explore those marshes for amusement. Out-of-the-way villages there, they tell me. Curious little public houses—and smithies—and that. Waiter!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Is that horse of mine ready?"

"Brought round to the door, Sir."

"I say. Look here, you Sir. The lady won't ride to-day; the weather won't do."

"Very good, Sir."

"And I don't dine, because I'm going to dine at the lady's."

"Very good, Sir."

Then Drummle glanced at me, with an insolent triumph on his great-jowled face that cut me to the heart, dull as he was, and so exasperated me that I felt inclined to take him in my arms as the robber in the story-book is said to have taken the old lady, and seat him on the fire.

One thing was manifest to both of us, and that was, that until relief came neither of us could relinquish the fire. There we stood, well squared up before it, shoulder to shoulder, and foot to foot, with our hands behind us, not budging an inch. The horse was visible outside in the drizzle at the door, my breakfast was put on table, Drummle's was cleared away, the waiter invited me to begin, I nodded, we both stood our ground.

"Have you been to the Grove since?" said Drummle.

"No," said I, "I had quite enough of the Finches the last time I was there."

"Was that when we had a difference of opinion?"

"Yes," I replied, very shortly.

"Come, come! They let you off easily enough," sneered Drummle. "You shouldn't have lost your temper."

"Mr. Drummle," said I, "you are not competent to give advice on that subject. When I lose my temper (not that I admit having done so on that occasion) I don't throw glasses."

"I do," said Drummle.

After glancing at him once or twice in an increased state of smouldering ferocity, I said:

"Mr. Drummle, I did not seek this conversation, and I don't think it an agreeable one."

"I am sure it's not," said he, superciliously, over his shoulder; "I don't think any thing about it."

"And therefore," I went on, "with your leave, I will suggest that we hold no kind of conversation in future."

"Quite my opinion," said Drummle, "and what I should have suggested myself, or done—more likely—without suggesting. But don't lose your temper. Haven't you lost enough without that?"

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"Wai-ter!" said Drummle, by way of answering me.

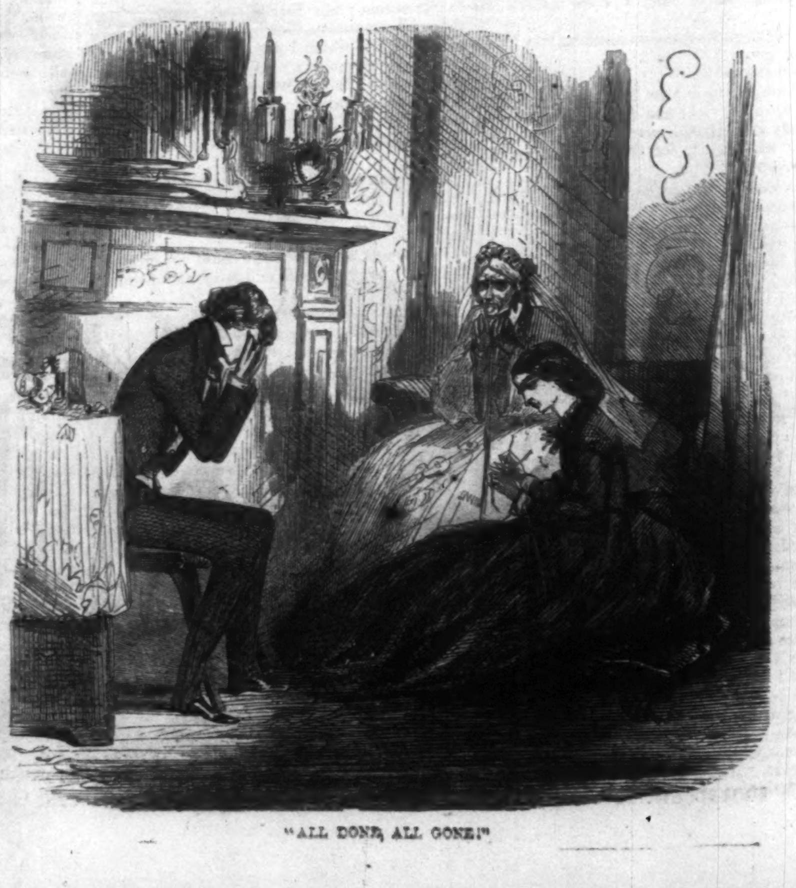
The waiter reappeared.

"Look here, you Sir. You quite understand that the young lady don't ride to-day, and that I dine at the young lady's?"

"Quite so, Sir."

When the waiter had felt my fast-cooling tea-pot with the palm of his hand, and had looked imploringly at me, and had gone out, Drummle, careful not to move the shoulder next me, took a cigar from his pocket and bit the end off, but showed no sign of stirring. Choking and boiling as I was, I felt that we could not go a word further without introducing Estella's name, which I could not endure to hear him utter; and therefore I looked stonily at the opposite wall, as if there were no one present, and forced myself to silence. How long we might have remained in this ridiculous position it is impossible to say, but for the incursion of three thriving farmers—laid on by the waiter, I am inclined to think—who came into the coffee-room unbuttoning their great-coats and rubbing their hands, and before whom, as they charged at the fire, we were obliged to give way.

I saw him through the window, seizing his horse's mane, and mounting in his blundering brutal manner, and sidling and backing away. I thought he was gone when he came back, calling for a light for the cigar in his mouth, which he had forgotten. A man in a dust-colored



"ALL DONE, ALL GONE!"

dress appeared with what was wanted—I could not have said from where: whether from the inn yard, or the street, or where not—and as Drummle leaned down from the saddle and lighted his cigar and laughed, with a jerk of his head toward the coffee-room windows, the slouching shoulders and ragged hair of this man, whose back was toward me, reminded me of Orlick.

Too heavily out of sorts to care much at the time whether it were he or not, or after all to touch the breakfast, I washed the weather and the journey from my face and hands, and went out to the memorable old house that it would have been so much the better for me never to have entered, never to have seen.

CHAPTER XLIII.

In the room where the dressing-table stood and where the wax-candles burned on the wall, I found Miss Havisham and Estella; Miss Havisham seated on a settee near the fire, and Estella on a cushion at her feet. Estella was knitting, and Miss Havisham was looking on. They both raised their eyes as I went in, and both saw an alteration in me. I derived that from the look they interchanged.

"And what wind," said Miss Havisham, "blows you here, Pip?"

Though she looked steadily at me I saw that she was rather confused. Estella pausing for a moment in her knitting with her eyes upon me, and then going on, I fancied that I read in the action of her fingers, as plainly as if she had told me in the dumb alphabet, that she perceived I had discovered my real benefactor.

"Miss Havisham," said I, "I went to Richmond yesterday to speak to Estella, and finding that some wind had blown *her* here, I followed."

Miss Havisham motioning to me for the third or fourth time to sit down, I took the chair by the dressing-table which I had often seen her occupy. With all that ruin at my feet and about me, it seemed a natural place for me that day.

"What I had to say to Estella, Miss Havisham, I will say before you presently—in a few moments. It will not surprise you, it will not displease you. I am as unhappy as you can ever have meant me to be."

Miss Havisham continued to look steadily at me. I could see in the action of Estella's fingers as they worked that she attended to what I said, but she did not look up.

"I have found out who my patron is. It is not a fortunate discovery, and is not likely ever to enrich me in reputation, station, fortune, any thing. There are reasons why I must say no more of that. It is not my secret, but another's."

As I was silent for a while, looking at Estella and considering how to go on, Miss Havisham repeated, "It is not your secret, but another's. Well?"

"When you first caused me to be brought here, Miss Havisham; when I belonged to the village over yonder that I wish I had never left; I suppose I did really come here as any other chance boy might have come—as a kind of servant, to gratify a want or a whim, and to be paid for it?"

"Ay, Pip," replied Miss Havisham, steadily nodding her head; "you did."

"And that Mr. Jaggers—"

"Mr. Jaggers," said Miss Havisham, taking me up in a firm tone, "had nothing to do with it, and knew nothing of it. His being my lawyer, and his being the lawyer of your patron, is a coincidence. He holds the same relation toward numbers of people, and it might easily arise. Be that as it may, it did arise, and was not brought about by any one."

Any one might have seen in her haggard face that there was no suppression or evasion so far.

"But when I fell into the mistake I have so long remained in, at least you led me on?" said I.

"Yes," she returned, again nodding steadily, "I let you go on."

"Was that kind?"

"Who am I," cried Miss Havisham, striking her stick upon the floor and flashing into wrath so suddenly that Estella glanced up at her in surprise, "who am I, for God's sake, that I should be kind!"

It was a weak complaint to have made, and I had not meant to make it. I told her so, as she sat brooding after this outburst.

"Well, well, well!" she said. "What else?"

"I was liberally paid for my old attendance here," said I, to soothe her, "in being apprenticed, and I have asked these questions only for my own information. What follows has another (and I hope more disinterested) purpose. In humoring my mistake, Miss Havisham, you punished—practiced on—perhaps you will supply whatever term expresses your intention, without offense—your self-seeking relations?"

"I did," said she. "Why, they would have it so! So would you. What has been my history, that I should be at the pains of entreating either them or you not to have it so? You made your own snares. *I* never made them."

Waiting until she was quiet again—for this, too, flashed out of her in a wild and sudden way—I went on.

"I have been thrown among one family of your relations, Miss Havisham, and have been constantly among them since I went to London. I know them to have been as honestly under my delusion as I myself. And I should be false and base if I did not tell you, whether it is acceptable to you or no, and whether you are inclined to give credence to it or no, that you deeply wrong both Mr. Matthew Pocket and his son Herbert if you suppose them to be otherwise than generous, upright, open, and incapable of any thing designing or mean."

"They are your friends," said Miss Havisham.

"They made themselves my friends," said I, "when they supposed me to have superseded them; and when Sarah Pocket, Miss Georgiana, and Mistress Camilla were not my friends, I think."

This contrasting of them with the rest seemed, I was glad to see, to do them good with her. She looked at me keenly for a little while, and then said, quietly:

"What do you want for them?"

"Only," said I, "that you would not confound them with the others. They may be of the same blood, but, believe me, they are not of the same nature."

Still looking at me keenly, Miss Havisham repeated:

"What do you want for them?"

"I am not so cunning, you see," I said, in answer, conscious that I reddened a little, "as that I could hide from you, even if I desired, that I do want something. Miss Havisham, if you would spare the money to do my friend Herbert a lasting service in life, but which from the nature of the case must be done without his knowledge, I could show you how."

"Why must it be done without his knowledge?" she asked, settling her hands upon her stick, and her chin upon them, that she might regard me the more attentively.

"Because," said I, "I began the service myself more than two years ago, without his knowledge, and I don't want to be betrayed. Why I fail in my ability to finish it I can not explain. It is a part of the secret which is another person's and not mine."

She gradually withdrew her eyes from me, and turned them on the fire. After watching it for what appeared in the silence and by the light of the slowly wasting candles to be a long time, she was roused by the collapse of some of the red coals, and looked toward me again—at first vacantly and then with a gradually concentrating attention. All this time Estella knitted on. When Miss Havisham had fixed her attention on me, she said, speaking as if there had been no lapse in our dialogue:

"What else?"

"Estella," said I, turning to her now, and trying to command my trembling voice, "you know I love you. You know that I have loved you long and dearly."

She raised her eyes to my face on being thus addressed, and her fingers plied their work, and she looked at me with an unmoved countenance. I saw that Miss Havisham glanced from me to her, and from her to me.

"I should have said this sooner, but for my long mistake. It induced me to hope that Miss Havisham meant us for one another. While I thought you could not help yourself, as it were, I refrained from saying it. But I must say it now."

Preserving her unmoved countenance, and with her fingers still going, Estella shook her head.

"I know," said I, in answer to that action; "I know. I have no hope that I shall ever call you mine, Estella. I am ignorant what may become of me very soon, how poor I may be, or where I may go. Still, I love you; I have loved you ever since I first saw you in this house."

Looking at me perfectly unmoved and with her fingers busy, she shook her head again.

"It would have been cruel in Miss Havisham, very cruel, to practice on the affections of a poor boy, and to torture me through all these years with a vain hope and an idle pursuit, if she had reflected on the gravity of what she did. But I think she did not. I think that in the endurance of her own suffering she forgot mine, Estella."

I saw Miss Havisham put her hand to her heart and hold it there, as she sat looking by turns at Estella and at me.

"It seems," said Estella, very calmly, "that there are sentiments, fancies—I don't know how to call them—which I am not able to comprehend. When you say you love me, I know what you mean, as a form of words; but nothing more. You address nothing in my breast, you touch nothing there. I don't care for what you say at all. I have tried to warn you of this; now, have I not?"

I said in a miserable manner, "Yes."

"Yes. But you would not be warned, for you thought I didn't mean it. Now, did you not?"

"I thought and hoped you could not mean it. You, so young, untried, and beautiful, Estella! Surely it is not in Nature."

"It is in *my* nature," she returned. And then she added, with a stress upon the words, "It is in the nature formed within me. I make a great difference between you and all other people when I say so much. I can do no more."

"Is it not true," said I, "that Bentley Drummle is in town here, and pursuing you?"

"It is quite true," she replied, referring to him with the indifference of utter contempt.

"That you encourage him, and ride out with him, and that he dines with you this very day?"

She seemed a little surprised that I should know it, but again replied, "Quite true."

"You can not love him, Estella!"

Her fingers stopped for the first time, as she retorted rather angrily, "What have I told you? Do you still think, in spite of it, that I do not mean what I say?"

"You would never marry him, Estella?"

She looked toward Miss Havisham, and considered for a moment with her work in her hands. Then she said, "Why not tell you the truth? I am going to be married to him."

I dropped my face into my hands, but was able to control myself better than I could have expected, considering what agony it gave me to hear her say those words. When I raised my face again there was such a ghastly look upon Miss Havisham's that it impressed me, even in my passionate hurry and grief.

"Estella, dearest, dearest Estella, do not let Miss Havisham lead you into this fatal step. Put me aside forever—you have done so, I well know—but bestow yourself on some worthier object than Drummle. Miss Havisham gives you to him, as the greatest slight and injury that could be done to the many far better men who admire you, and to the few who truly love you. Among those few there may be one who loves you even as dearly, though he has not loved you as long, as I. Take him, and I can bear it better, for your sake!"

My earnestness awoke a wonder in her that seemed as if it would have been touched with compassion, if she could have rendered me at all intelligible to her mind.

"I am going," she said again, in a gentler voice, "to be married to him. The preparations for my marriage are making, and I shall be married soon. Why do you injuriously introduce the name of my mother by adoption? It is my own act."

"Your own act, Estella, to fling yourself away upon a brute?"

"On whom should I fling myself away?" she retorted, with a smile. "Should I fling myself away upon the man who would the soonest feel (if people do feel such things) that I took nothing to him? There! It is done. I shall do well enough, and so will he. As to leading me into what you call this fatal step, Miss Havisham would have had me wait, and not marry yet; but I am tired of the life I have led, which has very few charms for me, and I am willing enough to change it. Say no more. We shall never understand each other."

"Such a mean brute, such a stupid brute!" I urged in despair.

"Don't be afraid of my being a blessing to him," said Estella; "I shall not be that. Come! Here is my hand. Do we part on this, you visionary boy—or man?"

"Oh, Estella!" I answered, as my bitter tears fell fast on her hand, do what I would to restrain them; "even if I remained in England and could hold my head up with the rest, how could I see you Drummle's wife!"

"Nonsense," she returned; "nonsense. This will pass in no time."

"Never, Estella!"

"You will get me out of your thoughts in a week."

"Out of my thoughts! You are part of my existence, part of myself. You have been in every line I have ever read since I first came here, the rough common boy whose poor heart you wounded even then. You have been in every prospect I have ever seen since—on the river, on the sails of the ships, on the marshes, in the clouds, in the light, in the darkness, in the wind, in the woods, in the sea, in the streets. You have been the embodiment of every graceful fancy that my mind has ever become acquainted with. The stones of which the strongest London buildings are made are not more real, or more impossible to be displaced by your hands, than your presence and influence have been to me, there and everywhere, and will be. Estella, to the last hour of my life you can not choose but remain part of my character, part of the little good in me, part of the evil. But in this separation I associate you only with the good, and I will faithfully hold you to that always, for you must have done me far more good than harm, let me feel now what distress I may. God bless you, God forgive you!"

In what ecstasy of unhappiness I got these broken words out of myself I don't know. The rhapsody welled up within me, like blood from an inward wound, and gushed out. I held her hand to my lips some lingering moments, and so left her. But ever afterward I remembered—and soon afterward with stronger reason—that while Estella looked at me merely with incredulous wonder, the spectral figure of Miss Havisham, her hand still covering her heart, seemed all resolved into a ghastly stare of pity and remorse.

All done, all gone! So much was done and gone that when I went out at the gate the light of the day seemed of a darker color than when I went in. For a while I hid myself among some lanes and by-paths, and then struck off to walk all the way to London. For I had by that time come to myself so far as to consider that I could not go back to the inn and see Drummle there; that I could not bear to sit upon the coach and be spoken to; that I could do nothing half so good for myself as tire myself out.

It was past midnight when I crossed London Bridge. Pursuing the narrow intricacies of the streets, which at that time tended westward near the Middlesex shore of the river, my readiest access to the Temple was close by the river-side through Whitefriars. I was not expected till to-morrow, but I had my keys, and if Herbert were gone to bed I could get to bed myself without disturbing him.

As it seldom happened that I came in at that Whitefriars gate after the Temple was closed, and as I was very muddy and weary, I did not take it ill that the night-porter examined me with much attention as he held the gate a little way open for me to pass in. To help his memory I mentioned my name.

"I was not quite sure, Sir, but I thought so. Here's a note, Sir. The messenger that brought it said would you be so good as read it by my lantern."

Much surprised by the request, I took the note. It was directed to Philip Pip, Esquire, and on the top of the superscription were the words, "PLEASE READ THIS, HERE." I opened it, the watchman holding up his light, and read inside, in Wemmick's writing:

"DON'T GO HOME."

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